

Contains Gay's "Sweet Willi
farewell to Black-eyed Susan" with a
translation into Latin verse under the ti
"Gulielmus Susannae valedicens",
pp. 70-75.

THE

POETICAL WORKS,

Latin and English,

OF

VINCENT BOURNE.

A NEW EDITION.

WITH SEVERAL TRANSLATIONS AND TWO LETTERS.

"I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin Poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him."

COWPER.

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PREFACE.

It is difficult to read and admire any work without feeling considerable interest in the author personally. From admiring the production of the mind, we insensibly glide into feelings of regard for the person, and all that concerns the writer who has afforded us so much gratification; and it is some consolation, when he himself has quitted the stage, to contemplate, with feelings of respect, and almost of adoration, the birth-place of our unknown friend. With regard, however, to the author whose works are contained in this volume, we have no such advantage. His works are nearly the only monument of his existence. It is remarkable that even his birth-place is not known, and from the time already elapsed since his death, we may now fairly suppose that it will never be ascertained.

It appears that he was born in 1695, and was educated at Westminster, being admitted on the foundation in 1710. He proceeded from thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he afterwards became Fellow. He finally accepted the situation of usher in the Westminster school, in which office he died on the 2nd of December, 1747.

Vincent Bourne did not enter the Church, being restrained by scruples of conscience as to his fitness for the sacred function; though, from a letter written to his wife a short time before his death, he seems not to have been altogether satisfied as to the course he had pursued, and to have suffered considerable anxiety during the remainder of his life on the subject. We cannot, however, fail to commend the honesty of his motives, when we recollect that a very valuable preferment was rejected by him, in consequence of these scruples.

To say much in praise of the works, would, in the present day, be impertinent and needless. Cowper ranks him above Tibullus, and on a level with Ovid; and it is something considerable in his favour, that the same poet took the trouble to translate no less than nineteen of his productions into English verse. What made Vincent Bourne so averse to expressing his ideas in English, we cannot say; but the aversion is evident, from the fact of his having preferred Latin in almost every one of his compositions.

Like many other clever men, Vincent Bourne thought but little of his external appearance. "He was *such* a sloven," writes Cowper in one of his letters, "as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for every thing that could disgust you in his person; and indeed in his writings he has almost made amends for all." But Cowper seems to have had more tangible reasons for his partiality to Vincent Bourne, than an admiration for his works, "because," he writes, "he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster, when

I passed through it. He was so good natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him: for he made me as idle as himself."* We will make another quotation from the same letter of Cowper, which illustrates the character of our author in far better terms than we could pourtray it. "His humour," Cowper observes, "is entirely original: he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all this drollery there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection at times; and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and always harmless; and who, though always elegant, and classical to a degree not always found even in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse."

With all the deference, however, which we may be disposed to pay to the taste of Cowper, we must admit, that the partiality to which he himself pleads guilty, has influenced his decision on the merits of our author. His flow of ideas, his beauty of diction, his propriety of sentiment, desert him as soon as he attempts a lyric strain; nor can we assert, that within his own peculiar

* Southey's Cowper, vol. iv. p. 97.

province, he is always strictly classical: a license may here and there be discovered in which no poet of the Augustan age would have indulged. Yet all that the severity of minute criticism may urge against his productions, we may safely challenge the first of the Roman elegiasts to produce any thing equal to his "Thyrsis and Chloe," or his "Lucia et Corydon;" while in chasteness of humour, and elegance of expression, his "Iter per Tamisin," and most of the poems translated by Cowper, can never be surpassed. On the whole, no one will deny that he stands at the head of those of our countrymen who have cultivated the Latin muse: nor need we fear for him a comparison with Scotland's celebrated Buchanan. But a far higher glory than that of genius must be awarded to him: to a writer so freely giving the rein to his humour, it is no small praise to be able to assert, that he left

No line when dying he could wish to blot.

We have only to add, that in addition to his poetical effusions, the present volume contains two letters of Vincent Bourne; the one to a young lady, and the other—which we have already mentioned—to his wife; and we think we may with safety offer to the public the present edition as the most complete and accessible form of our author's productions.

CAMBRIDGE,
January 1838.

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&c.

B

POEMS, TRANSLATIONS,

&c.

THE

SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN.

WHATE'ER God's fiat did from nothing raise,
Stupendous product of the first six days,
O bless your Maker, your Creator praise.
  In this let jarring elements agree,
  Or make from discord sweetest harmony.

Ye sons of light made by his power divine;
By his reflected beams it is you shine;
Your hallelujahs in the chorus join,
  That, far as creatures can, your praise may prove
  Great as his power, and endless as his love.

POEMATA, VERSIONES,

&c.

CANTICUM TRIUM ISRAELITARUM.

Vos o, Jehovæ sacra potentia
Quæcunque verbo fecit amabili;
In ordinem quæcunque certum
Tam bene disposuit Creator;
Sublime carmen dicite, dicite
Sublime numen: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Æterna cœli vos habitacula,
Excelsiores spirituum domus;
Vos quæ triumphis personatis
Angelicis, superumque cantu;
Cœleste carmen jungite, jungite
Cœleste nostro: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Praise him, ye heavens, long as your frame shall last,
Who like a curtain spread the azure waste,
And in your happy realms his throne has placed :
His utmost splendour still to you appears;
O tune in praise the music of your spheres.

Waters, that by the Almighty placed above,
Fixed as your firmament for ever prove:
Praise him whose spirit did on the waters move;
Who made you free from winds and storms bel ow
Whose praise can never ebb, nor ever flow.

Thrones, potentates, dominions, powers on high,
Acknowledge your superior in the sky;
And bless the universal Majesty,
Whose word 's omnipotent, whose will is fate,
The only powerful, and the only great.

Praise him, O sun; he on the etherial throne
Without eclipses has for ever shone,

Vos, suaviores Cœlicolum chori,
Queis plectra, voces queis liquidæ sonant,
Laudate (nam laudare vestrum est)
Harmonia potiore numen:
Docete carmen numine dignius,
Docete carmen; perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Vos, cærulæ undæ, quæ super ardui
Convexa cœli nubila volvitis;
Vos jam Jehovæ parituræ
Si jubeat recreare terram;
Parete nobis (æqua rogabimus)
Parete nobis: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O Angelorum turba seraphica,
Et principatus, tam varii licet
Sint ordines, omnes eundem
Concinite egregium Jehovam:
Laudate nostrum carminibus patrem,
Laudate vestrum: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O qui benigno lumine ducitis
Labentis anni tempora, vos vagi

And gives thee light, and is like thee but one.
  Praise him, O moon, in borrow'd lustre bright,
  In this be fixed, thou changing queen of night.

Ye twinkling stars of light, your praises show,
'Tis he that does your names and numbers know,
Alike inscrutable to all below.
  Each star that does to man its beams dispense;
  Praise him, as if inspired by some intelligence.

Praise him, ye gentle and refreshing showers,
Praise him, ye dews; whose pearly moisture pours
Odours and beauties on the vernal flowers.
  Who more should choose t'exalt his name than you?
  He father is of rain, begetter of the dew.

Ye winds, that, where you please, your sound may send,
In hymns of joy your pious breathings spend
Oh! praise him without bound, and without end.

Ignes, diurnos ut labores,
Sic renovate melos diurnum.
Vidistis ambo, quot dederit bona,
Monstrastis ambo: perpetuum Dei
Ergoque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O multa stellarum agmina lucida,
Fulget decore queis variata nox,
Narrate laudes, vos, Jehovæ,
Sideribus numerosiores.
Vos et choreas ducere, vos simul
Cantare nostis: perpetuum Dei
Ergoque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Dulces tenellis o pluviæ satis,
Lætique rores imbribus humidis;
Languentibus qui colla mane
Floribus erigitis, referte
Ut dona numen vos imitantia,
Ut dona mittat; perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Venti sonantes flamine turbido,
(Nam fertur alis plus vice simplice
Ruisse vestris obvolutus
Omnipotens per inane vastum)

Who with majestic pomp, and terror join'd,
Rides charioting on clouds, and walks on wings of
wind.

Ye flames, exalt the universal choir;
On zeal, bright as yourselves, to God aspire;
God, a consuming, and a harmless fire:
Whose falling fires Elijah's foes could tame,
Who shone in Moses' bush a lambent flame.

Ye winter's chillness, and ye summer's sun,
That round the year in stated periods run,
Praise him in your eternal antiphon,
Who, when the fatal flood of old was past,
Promis'd the seasons with the world should last.

Ye honey-dews of May, like vapours rise,
Exhaled in praises to your native skies;
And hoary frost, which o'er the meadow lies

Vox audiatur vestra, per aëra
Vox audiatur : perpetuum Dei
  Unaque nobiscum favorem
    Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O torridi ignes, dicite principem ;
Flammæ, deorum dicite principem ;
  Circumdatus namque ipse flammis
    Æthereos sedet inter ignes.
Ut nos canamus, vos facitis : simul
Canatis ipsi ; perpetuum Dei
  Unaque nobiscum favorem
    Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Alterna brumæ tempora frigidæ,
Brumæ sequacis post spatium breve
  Æstatis, et tu rursus æstas
    Mox vicibus reditura certis ;
Alterna semper carmina dicite,
(Alterna musæ carmina diligunt)
  Deique nobiscum favorem
    Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O vos per auras quæ sine murmure,
Lapsu silenti, mollia vellera,
  Descenditis, ne lædat herbas
    Aut segetem boreale frigus ;
Laudate, non ultra tacitæ, nives
Laudate Regem : perpetuum Dei

Like ashes scatter'd by his bounteous hand,
Restoring vigour to the wearied land.

Praise him, ye frosts, that bind the earth in chains,
Praise him, ye cold, that human force restrains,
Dead'ning the sense, and thrilling in the veins.
His praise for ever be by you extoll'd,
Inflamed with ardours by th' extreme of cold.

Praise him, you frost, long as the frozen sea
In midst of storms enjoys a calm by thee;
And spotless snow, the type of purity;
In all your figur'd shapes his glory show,
Forget not heaven above, when fall'n on earth below.

Be this your business, ye laborious days,
And silent nights silver'd with glimmering rays;
Exempt from every work, but that of praise.
Whose piercing eye does equal power display
In darkest midnight, and in brightest day.

Praise him, O light, in heavenly beams array'd;
Parent of day, and first of beings, shade;
Praise him, who reign'd before the world was made;
Who dwells in brightness, and who rides in night,
Majestic darkness, and alluring light.

Unaque nobiscum favorem
  Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

* * * * * * * *

Cætera desunt, authoris morte interrupta.

Ye clouds with sulphur charg'd, his praise resound,
Louder than thunder in your caverns bound;
Lightnings, that quickly die, and dying wound,
  Ere yet your momentary flash is done,
  Praise him, whose lustre can be never gone.

Praise him, O earth, whilst thou thyself shalt last;
Thy solid orb in liquid æther placed,
Tho' hung on nothing, is for ever fast:
  Praise him whose being is sustain'd by none;
  Himself is centre of himself alone.

Ye mounts and hills, crown'd with a pompous load
Of groves, where idols placed their old abode,
Resound the praises of a real God,
  Who show'd his goodness, who proclaim'd his will,
  On Horeb's mountain, and on Sina's hill.

Praise him, ye greens, by fruitful nature born,
And rising crops that plenteous vales adorn
Where zephyrs rustle thro' the wavy corn;
  Who clothes in greater state each springing green
  Than that which drew from far the southern queen.

Ye wells and streams, your source of moisture know,
Who made, when urged of old his pow'r to show,
Forth from th' obedient rock the waters flow.
  Nor is the fountain of his praises dry,
  But unexhausted stores for ever will supply.

Ye rivers, bear his praise to every land,
Praise him, ye seas, by whose supreme command
Your greatest rage is bounded by the sand.
  No bounds or limits are assigned you here,
  Nor can your utmost forces go too far.

Praise him, ye whales, and all the silver train,
That, on the fifth day made, the watery main
Within its spacious bosom does contain:
  His praise, ye fish, by you be always sung,
  Tho' mute, to bless your Maker, find a tongue.

Praise him, ye fowls, exalt his name, whate'er
Or skims the water, or divides the air,
Who clothes and feeds you with paternal care.
  Repeat his praise to every echoing dale,
  Ye morning lark, and evening nightingale.

Praise him, ye beasts, that shady forests sway,
Who feeds the lions roaring for their prey,
Ye tamer kinds, that human force obey,
  Present your praise, more grateful to the skies
  Than thousands of you slain in sacrifice.

Adore, ye sons of men, his awful name,
Tho' form'd of earth fill'd with etherial flame,
Cast in the noblest, and the finest frame.
  Let lordly man his sovereign's praise declare,
  And beauteous woman bless the truly fair.

Let faithful Abram's race their off'rings bring,
By tuneful David taught his praise to sing,
Their guide, their legislator, and their king:
  Who spread o'er Egypt's land substantial night,
  Who with a longer sun did Joshua's faith requite.

Ye priests of God, let praise like incense rise,
Tho' Corah's sons your order may despise,
And wish the priest himself a sacrifice.
  Praise him for others too, and thus commend
  Your greatest en'mies to your only friend.

Praise him, his servants who have learnt to see,
There's nought so sweet as this captivity,
From whence 'tis greatest bondage to be free.
  Praise him, whose power can grant whate're you move,
  Whose ears will hear your prayers, for he is love.

Ye righteous souls, untainted with your clay,
Spring thro' the vast expanse and wing your way,
To reach the confines of eternal day.
  Celestial anthems sing with seraphs join'd,
  And souls unbodied bless the almighty mind.

Ye humble men, whom self-admiring pride,
With all its baits, could never draw aside,
Praise him, whose love does o'er the meek preside;
  Who throws the purple tyrants from their seat,
  And makes the poor of spirit rich and great.

Ye Jewish youths, his wond'rous praises tell,
Whose presence could the raging flames repel,
And turn to heaven the punishment of hell;
  Who on submissive fire triumphant rode,
  The man assuming, to declare the God.

  All glory, praise, dominion, majesty,
  Now and for everlasting ages, be
  To the essential One, and co-eternal Three!

HYMN THE FIRST.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
  The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd breast!
  But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
  And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
  And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
  Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
  To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
  From whom those comforts flow'd.

HYMNUS PRIMUS.

I.

Cum misericordias recolligo, tua
Paterna quas, Jehova, cura contulit,
Suspensa cogitando, mens hæret mea,
Amorne major fiet, an admiratio.

II.

Quæ verba, quæ pietatis eloquentia
Ardore eodem gratias effabitur,
Quo pectus intus concipit! sed gaudium,
Quod fervet intus, tu legis, tu intelligis.

III.

Tua cura, præsens semper, et semper vigil,
Me conditum uteri vidit in silentio,
Eademque cura me secuta est provida,
Cum matris ad mammam pependi infantulus.

IV.

Quos edidit questus meæ imbecillitas
Infantiæ, tua auris accepit statim;
Cum mens tenella, cogitare nec potis,
Colligere nondum noverat sese in preces.

V.

Quæ nullus æquat computus, solamina
Tua administravit mihi indulgentia;
Infantulum cor antequam resciverat,
A fonte quo profluxerint tot munera.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

VI.

Cum per juventæ lubricas decurrerem,
Incogitans, animique præceps, semitas,
Tua alma sospitavit occulte manus,
Ævumque me provexit ad maturius.

VII.

Per multa mortis abditæ discrimina
Aperta eunti et tuta porrecta est via,
Vitiique blandimenta per fallacia,
Periculum præ cæteris ferentia.

VIII.

Cum morbi acutiore vi tabescerem,
Me sanitate recreâsti sæpius,
Et cum gravarer crimine et doloribus,
Tua revocavit in salutem gratia.

IX.

Tuæ, Jehova, largitati debeo,
Quod sat superque me beârit copia,
Eamque amicus copiam consortio
Dulci quod unus et quod alter auxerit.

X.

Pretiosa mille dona de die in diem,
Et mille millies reposcunt gratias,
Et inter illa dona cor lætabile,
Oblata quod pio accipit cum gaudio.

XI.

Vitæ per omne stadium, adultus et senex,
Benignitatem prædicando prosequar;
Amabilemque, hoc corpus exutus, thesin
Redintegrabo sæculorum in sæcula.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise!
But oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN THE SECOND.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide.
Their help omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care.
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III:

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made ev'ry region please,
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

XII.

Natura cum cesset, nec amplius dies
Noctesque per vices opera monstrent tua,
Memor usque cor, quæ gratiose feceris,
Fideliter revolvet et venerabitur.

XIII.

Millena millies per æva canticum
Movebo tibi, Jehova, gratitudinis;
Sed, o! nimis, nimis est brevis, nec laudibus
Vel tota sufficit tuis æternitas.

HYMNUS SECUNDUS.

I.

Quam sunt beati, qui, Jehova, te colunt!
Quam certa tute es te verentibus salus!
Æterna mens eos regit, dux et comes,
Et major omnibus potestas adjuvat.

II.

In exteris regnis, locisque dissitis,
Vigilantia securus et salvus tua,
Cœli per ardentis peragrabam plagas,
Et insalubrem sanus hauriebam aëra.

III.

Tuus per omne vultus affulsit solum,
Solumque fecit omne mihi ut arriserit;
Calore temperavit Alpium nives,
Tuscique complanavit undas æquoris.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
  How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou sawst the wide-extended deep
  In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
  And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
  O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
  Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r,
  My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung,
  High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

IV.

Recogita mecum, anima mea, recogita,
Horrore quo perculsa, ponti videris
Imo ex sinu profunditates erutas,
Montesque fluctuum imminentes montibus!

V.

In ore quovis pallidus sedit stupor,
In corde quovis consili impotens metus,
Cum devolutus gurges intra gurgitem
Victam gubernatoris artem luserit.

VI.

Sed salvum et illæsum inter hæc pericula
Paterna tua me reddidit clementia,
Dum se recepit anima numen ad tuum,
Confisa humillimæ precum violentiæ.

VII.

Prærupto aquarum in monte cum pependimus,
Cavasque valles ardui despeximus,
Servare novi te potentem maxime,
Nec supplices audire præsentem minus.

VIII.

Procella siluit, dicto obediens tuo
Ventus recessit, reddita est tranquillitas;
Et æquor, imperante te, quod sæviit,
Idem illud, imperante te, desæviit.

IX.

In mille versantem asperis laboribus
Me protinus juvabit et solabitur
Suavis recensio tot ante-munerum,
Humilisque plurium et pia expectatio.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
  Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN THE THIRD.

I.

When rising from the bed of death,
  O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
  Oh! how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
  And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
  And trembles at the thought.

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
  In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
  Oh! how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
  Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
  Shall endless woe prevent.

X.

Mea vita, vitam si meam dignaberis
Servare, tibi, Jehova, consecrabitur;
Et mors, futura siquidem est mors portio,
Animam meam tibi soli adunatam dabit.

HYMNUS TERTIUS.

I.

Mortis resuscitatus a cubilibus,
Noxa obvolutus totus et metu obrutus,
Coram ubi creatori meo obvius dabor,
Quis o! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

II.

Siquis remissioni adhuc restat locus,
Nec sera, nimium sera, pœnitentia est;
Labascit horrore anima, et in sese fugit,
Et cogitando prægravata contremit.

III.

Cum te, Jehova, vesties terroribus,
Et, pro tribunali sedens, scrutaberis
Omiserit quæ quisque, quæ commiserit,
Quis o! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

IV.

Menti sed ægræ, criminum quam pœnitet,
Hujusce tu promissor es solatii,
Quod lacrymarum lenius piaculum
Pœnarum acerbiora deprecabitur.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
  Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
  To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
  Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
  To make that pardon sure.

AN ODE

TAKEN FROM

THE BEGINNING OF PSALM XIX.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

V.

Si gratiæ nondum ostium præcluditur,
Perpende, numen, quo dolore distrahor;
Et, quæ dolori pondus addant, respice
Quæ passus est pro me redemptor vulnera.

VI.

Ille, ille spes est solus et fiducia,
Nec ulla desperabitur remissio,
Quam filius dedit tuus salutifer,
Et proprio obsignavit emptam sanguine.

ODE

EX INITIO

PSALMI XIX. DESUMPTA.

I.

Expansa cœlorum, profunda cærula,
Et arcuati qua patet spatium ætheris,
Convexa stellis plena, splendens fabrica,
Sui decoris indicant originem,
Lætus diurnum Sol iter decurrere.
Quis ille fons declarat et lucis parens,
Et cuique terræ, quam revisit, nunciat
Quam sancta se potensque formârit manus.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

II.

Absente Sole, cum statim vesper suas
Reducit umbras, Luna carmen excipit,
Et singulis, ut eunt renarrat noctibus,
Sui quis ille magnus author luminis.
Quod et planetæ per vices, quod ignium
Pro se minorum totus affirmat chorus,
Et dum movetur quisque certis legibus,
Utrumque veritate pervadit polum.

III.

Solenniore quamlibet silentio
Circum hunc opacum orbem feruntur omnia,
Nec ulla clare vox ab extra, nec sonus
Tot lucidos auditur inter ordines;
Auditur intus, quam canoris vocibus,
Quibusque cœlum ferveat concentibus,
Ut hunc in hymnum concinat frequentia,
"Divinus est, qui nos creavit, artifex."

ON THE ASCENSION.

Ye numerous hosts of angels bright,
  Your winged multitudes prepare,
In all your grandeur to attend
  The king of glory thro' the air.

O make your sweetest harmony,
  As he triumphant takes his flight;
Towering on high above the sun,
  Thro' realms immense of spacious light.

In choicest hymns, melodious throng,
  Salute the conqueror, your king;
In joyful lays and loudest strains,
  Ye blest, your God returning sing.

And now, in majesty divine,
  He sits enrob'd by 's Father's side;
But still vouchsafes to intercede
  For sinful man, for whom he died.

Then, man, thy dear Redeemer bless,
  With thankful heart, as they above;
With them begin a song of praise,
  A song as endless as his love.

ON ALL SAINTS' DAY.

HAIL ye, whose sacred multitudes
In numbers cannot be exprest;
Hail ye, that fill with winged crowds
The joyful regions of the blest;
To you our humble verse we bring;
'Tis you instruct us how to sing.

Ye blest attendants of your Lord,
While he vouchsaf'd on earth to preach,
By him as Messengers the word
Throughout the world sent forth to teach;
'Twas you the happy tidings brought,
Yourselves performing what you taught.

Ye prophets, who with ardent zeal
And knowledge heavenly possest,
To future ages did reveal
The secrets of Jehovah's breast;
'Twas you, enlighten'd from above,
Foresaw and told that God was love.

You were the church's best defence,
Ye martyrs now enthron'd on high,
Bravely secure in innocence,
And boldly resolute to die;
Daring (so firmly ye withstood)
In spite of malice to be good.

Go on, ye hosts and armies bright,
  Your voices, all ye saints, to raise;
Go on, ye glorious sons of light,
  Your God and mighty King to praise:
While yearly we do here below
Acknowledge, what to you we owe.

IN FESTUM PENTECOSTES.

Discipulos Deus implerat cum numine voces
  Cœperunt varias et nova verba loqui.
Advena de Libycis aderat niger Afer arenis,
  Et cautæ fidens Parthica turba fugæ:
Armeniæ populique, et divitis accola Nili,
  Audierant voces Cappadocesque suas.
Vox diversa quidem sonat; at cum dicere laudes
  Numinis incipiunt, omnibus una sonat.

IN IDEM.

Ut Deus afflavit dexter læto omine, sensim
  Discipulis fervent pectora plena Deo.
Numinis auspicio subitus fit mentibus ardor,
  Et novus accendit fervida corda calor.
Solicitas mentes non ulla pericula terrent,
  Non urgent ulli pectora mœsta metus.
Ad quamvis regionem alacres sunt ire parati,
  Quosve habet ignotos barbara terra locos.
Pergite, successu gens o animosa, Deusque,
  Quod bene suscipitis vos, bene vertat opus.

ON THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

As Babel's lofty towers proudly rise,
With bold design aspiring to the skies;
The foolish builder's project God confounds,
With various languages and different sounds.
But when to build his Church th' Almighty came,
(Tho' differing the event, the means the same)
The gift of languages he did afford
To them, whom he ordain'd to preach his word:
As knowing that to man he thus had given
A surer, better way, to reach at heaven.

IN FESTUM SANCTI MICHAELIS.

Dicite cœlestem, cœlestis turba, triumphum;
  Hostis, victores dicite, victus abit.
Vix iterum audebit vestrum sibi poscere cœlum,
  Ad nova vix iterum ducere bella suos.
Væ terris! nam fraudem illic meditatur et iras,
  Et tentat diros ultor, ut ante, dolos.
Sæcula sed vobis secura; ut semper agatis
  Perpetuam pacem, perpetuosque choros.

IN FESTUM SANCTI SIMONIS.

O salve, populis semper memorande Britannis
Dive parens; nam felici tua cura labore

His lucem induxit terris, piceasque removit
Erroris tenebras: tu Christum, æternaque cœli
Gaudia narrabas animis incognita nostris.
O longum maneat nobis tua fama per ævum!
Et cum reddiderit numen sua præmia justis,
Innumeras inter gentes, longamque nepotum
Progeniem, quos ipse, salutis nuncie, cœlo
Addideris, laudesque Deum, lauderis et ipse.

IN NONAS NOVEMBRIS.

Bis nostræ genti meditata inferre ruinam,
  Immaturus erat bis tibi, Roma, dolus.
Successum tibi Papa quidem promisit; at ille
  Et mendax vates, et malus auger erat.
Visa mihi nimium Papæ tu credere; Pastor
  Et falli, et poterit fallere, Roma, tuus.

IN FESTUM SANCTI ANDREÆ.

Affixum dum, sancte, cruci, lacerataque membra
Distentum miseris urgent cruciatibus hostes;
Immemor interea pœnæ, ignoransque moveri,
Adstantem alloqueris populum; narrasque salutis
Authorem, et leges et sacra oracula pandis;
Quæ Christus majora, et quot discrimina passus
Ipse prius tulerat, divini testis amoris.
De Christi exemplo dicis te talia ferre,
Pro Christo subiisse vel his graviora paratum.

Mœrentes stant circum homines, imaque recondunt
Mente sonos, fidum genus, incertique quid optent:
Te dulces nolunt moriendo abrumpere voces;
Protrahere ingentes nolunt vivendo dolores.

IN FESTUM DIVI THOMÆ.

En, Thoma, en inhians divino in corpore vulnus,
En crucis et clavi livida signa vide!
Credulus hinc Christum agnoscas, dum vulnera monstrat
Quæ digito explores, vulnera Christus habet.
Hinc tibi, dive, fidem, hinc aliis confirmat; et ipse
Quod dubites, alios non dubitare sinit.

IN CALENDAS JANUARII.

Jane pater, gemino cernis qui tempora vultu,
Qui finem annorum, principiumque vides;
Tempora prospicias nascentia, et omine læto
Distinguat faustos candidus ordo dies.
Ferratis cohibe foribus tristem intus erynnin,
Improba nec poscat civicus arma furor.
Incipiat, precor, auspiciis felicibus annus,
Et, quibus auspiciis incipit annus, eat.

IN EPIPHANIAM.

Ite domum reduces, et gaudia dicite vestra;
Omine lætantes sideris ite, magi.

Vidistis totum implevit qui numine cœlum,
Inter mugitus hic recubare boum.
Vidistis blandum infantem, qui regna reliquit.
Ut multa in terris, heu! mala multa ferat:
O humiles animos! divini o pignus amoris!
Quod Deus hic noster, quis Deus alter aget?

IN RESURRECTIONEM.

Divinis rediit clarus honoribus
En Christus domitis victor ab inferis!
Devictoque sepulchro
Messiah egreditur novus.

Deceptam rabiem, consilia et dolos
Judæum doleat vulgus inutiles;
Quod possint nihil ultra
Iræque et furor impotens:

Si multis laceratus cruciatibus,
Si poteras, Christe, mori, diu
Non poteras mori.

HYMNUS PASCHALIS.

Quem pæferebas, horror ubi tuus,
O orce, nondum funeribus satur?
Victoriæ, quas jactitabas,
O ubi sunt, avidum sepulchrum?

Mors et sepulchrum, cedite, cedite,
Vinclis solutis; nam moritur modo,
Ut vincat, et victor resurgit
Ad superos Deus, ut triumphet.

IN REDITUM CAROLI SECUNDI,

Maii xxix.

Lux alma et cresso semper signanda lapillo est,
Carole, quæ regnis te, tibi regna dedit;
Quæ non ut semper patriæ vagus exul abesses
Passa, dedit manibus debita sceptra tuis.
Qua scelus extinctum positis civilibus armis,
Qua furor et dirus seditionis amor.
O date, Dii, sacratam habeant hanc usque nepotes;
Ut suus huic luci sit, date, semper honos.
Caroliden lux una dedit, lux reddidit una;
Dicite, num majus quid dedit una dies?

IN MILTONUM.

Maximus antiquis venisti mœnibus hospes
Jam tandem, nitidoque graves in marmore vultus
Erigis, o decus, o tanti laus optima tecti!
Nec talis prisco Chaucerus conditur ingens
In tumulo pater, aut vario modulamine dulcis
Spenserus, non arte pares, non divitis haustu
Castaliæ tanto, liquidive aspergine fontis.

Ipse nova virtute ingentes fortior ausus
Aggrederis, vates, validoque agis impete mirum
Certus iter, cursusque novos ultra avia longe
Limina musarum, veterisque cacumina Pindi:
Quantus per Graias olim mirabilis urbes
Ibat Mæonides, divûmque ferebat honorem:
Quantus in attonitis volitabat rupibus Orpheus:
Ille deûm sanctas stirpes et nomina vates
Æternumque canit decus, antiquosque labores,
Aut hominum genus, aut diæ primordia lucis;
Turbatasque domos superis, immissaque bella,
Immanes ausus! tum victis tartara triste
Effugium, horrentesque umbras. Stupet undique turba
Fulgura verborum et docti miracula cantus.
Tale tuum carmen nobis. Quin pulchra recludis
Hortorum spatia, irriguisque ingentia campis
Flumina concelebras, primævi regna parentis:
At dulcis conjux secla inter lucida florum
Mollibus invigilat curis, ubi dives opacat
Umbra toros, myrtusque viret, dubiique rubores
Nascuntur violis, et se crocus induit auro.
Post autem, rupto fatali fœdere, tristis
Exilii pœnas subeuntes rura peragrant
Sola simul trepido gressu, ambiguique viarum.
Limina dilectasque domos feralia flammis
Tela nitent circum et sævæ formidinis ora:
Tam facili polles citharæ moderamine, tanto
Numine verborum, variarumque ubere rerum

Ingenio: ergo animos quædam divina voluptas
Percipit, aut trepidos sensus perlabitur horror
Intimus, aut vero perculsi pectora luctu
Solvimur in lacrymas tecum, et miserescimus ultro.
Salve, sancta mihi sedes, tuque, unice vates,
Extructumque decus tumuli, et simulacra verendi
Ipsa senis, laurique comæ, et tu muneris auctor
Egregii. Tanto signatum nomine marmor
Securum decus et seros sibi vindicet annos.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
  A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
  A willow supported his head.
The winds, that blew over the plain,
  To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
  Thus sadly complaining, he cried;
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had died:
She talk'd, and I blest the dear tonguè;
  When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
  Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe,
  She could doat on so lowly a clown!
Or, that her fond heart would not grieve,
  To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
  So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
  Or live in a cottage on love!

CORYDON QUERENS.

Deceptos pastor secum meditatus amores
 Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recensebat falsæ perjuria nymphæ,
 Lassatum salices sustinuere caput.
Audierant zephyri vocem gemitusque dolentis,
 Et mœstis venti congemuere sonis:
Audierat rivus; resonumque ad murmura murmur,
 Et questum ad questus ingeminavit aqua.

Ah miserum Corydonem! et durum ante omnia fatum!
 Tristibus his lacrymans ingemit ille modis;
Adspexi vultum, lethoque (heu sidera iniqua!)
 Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nusquam tutus eram; Daphnæ mihi dulcis imago
 Ridentis, dulcis sermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, quando
 Tam suave, exclamo, tu, Philomela, canes!

Sæpe quidem dixi, Miserebitur illa; sed unde
 Tam nostræ fieret rusticitatis amans?
Unde urbis splendorem ea sciret, opesque superbas
 Sordibus exiguæ posthabuisse casæ!
Credebam tamen ignarus; rebarque quod esset
 Inter divitias invenienda fides:
Quod crassæ possent vestes, victusque placere
 Rusticus, atque humili sub lare castus amor.

What tho' I have skill to complain!
  Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
  The virgins sit weeping around!
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly:
'Twas her's to be false and to change;
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down in my grave,
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Quid mihi, apollinea cingar quod tempora lauro,
  Et querulæ nôrim tangere fila lyræ?
Quid prodest, molles numeros siquando movebam,
  Virgineæ circum quod maduere genæ?
Ah, nihil est, Corydon, Phœbi cur munera jactes!
  Nec lyra jam decori, nec tibi laurus erit.
Est novus, est Daphnæ felicior ignis; et illi
  Dulcior est calamus, callidiorque manus.

Vos tamen hinc, comitum pars o carissima, amici,
  Queis mecum luctus sunt, sociusque dolor,
Parcite vos, quicquid dederint mihi fata ferendum,
  Parcite vos Daphnen insimulare doli.
Si toto vagus orbe feror, comitatur euntem
  Me mea sors, nulla dissocianda fuga:
Quamvis inteream, Daphne mutabitur usque;
  Inteream quamvis, usque fidelis ero.

Siquid adhuc poterunt mollescere corda, nec omnis
  Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor;
Agrestes inter decoret mea funera nymphas,
  Membraque supremo det tumulanda rogo.
Hoc mihi concedat saltem, non multa roganti,
  Nudaque cupressi frondibus ossa tegat;
Relliquias urna positas ubi viderit, Urna,
  Relliquias fidi, dicat, amantis habes.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolick it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET,

BY DAVID MALLET.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Tum gemmis multoque nitens lasciviat auro,
Igne novo felix, deliciisque novis;
Perpetuum, nitidas inter nitidissima nymphas,
Saltibus absumat lætitiaque diem.
Longum abes interea, Corydon, longumque licebit
Absis; te tacitum nox tenebræque premunt:
Ni tua fors, terræ immineat cum pallida luna,
Lurida vicinum transvolet umbra nemus.

THYRSIS ET CHLOE.

Omnia nox tenebris, tacitaque involverat umbra,
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies;
Cum valvæ patuere, et gressu illapsa silenti,
Thyrsidis ad lectum stabat imago Chloes.

Vultus erat, qualis lacrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quaque sepulchralem a pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.

Cumque dies aberunt molles, et læta juventus,
Gloria pallebit, sic, Cyparissi, tua:
Cum mors decutiet capiti diademata, regum
Hac erit in trabea conspiciendus honos.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) nascentis ad instar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
Et Veneres risere, et subrubuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima rosis.

Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
Et faciles risus, et juvenile decus:
Et rosa paulatim languens nudata reliquit
Oscula; præripuit mors properata Chloen.

Excute te somnis; nocturno egressa sepulchro,
Evocat infidum Thyrsida fida Chloe:
Tandem o! nunc tandem miserere, audique puellam,
Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.

Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit hora,
Ut tumulis reserent humida claustra suis;
Spectraque discurrunt, perjuri terror amantis:
Ut trepidum infestent exagitentque reum.

Thyrsi, tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,
Et revoca læsos in tua vota deos:
Virgineamque fidem, jurataque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.

In qua defixus toties hærere solebas,
Qui faciem poteras destituisse meam?
Qui tenerum, et rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
Victumque indignis discruciare modis;

How could you promise love to me,
  And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
  Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say, my lip was sweet,
  And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
  Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
  That lip no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes, now closed in death,
  And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
  This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
  Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
  A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
  That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
  And show her glittering head:
Pale William shook in every limb,
  Then raving left his bed.

Promisso quianam, nimis ah! promissor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor esse tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?

Dicere cur poteras, labium tibi suave rubescit;
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior?
Dicere cur poteras? et ego, rudis, inscia virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum?

Nulla mihi, heu! floret facies, quæ floruit: ecce!
Quæ rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.
Mors obsignatos tenebris mihi clausit ocellos;
Gratia desertæ nec super una genæ est.

Germanus mihi vermis edax, depascitur artus
Cognatos; nec adhuc est satiata fames:
Et gelidæ et longæ restant mihi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, suprema, dies.

Sed cantu, audîstin'? monuit me gallus abire;
Thyrsi, vale; longum, perfide Thyrsi, vale!
Vise tamen, tumulo quam sit defossa profundo,
Quæ miserum urgebat funus amore tui.

Jam volucres cecinere, et festinavit ab ortu,
Purpureo risu, sol aperire diem;
Pallidus obstupuit Thyrsis, tremulusque cubili
(Ah tremor! ah pallor conscius!) exiliît.

He hied him to the fatal place
  Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
  That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
  And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
  And word spake never more.

Fatalem ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
  Qua jacuit gelida morte soluta Chloe;
Cespiteque in viridi, qui subtus flebile texit
  Corpus, se mœstum projiciebat onus.

Terque Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
  Et bibulam lacrymis ter madefecit humum:
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
  Aut vocem lacrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

VOTUM

LECTORI S.

Habes in manu, erudite lector, cantiunculam, nec amatorum suspiriis, nec compotorum refertam vociferationibus; sed gravitate et leporibus tam ex æquo temperatam, tam procul a senili remotam morositate, et ab ineptiis puerilibus tam abhorrentem et alienam, ut juvenes exinde, quod præcipiat; et, quod delectet, excerpant seniores.

Materies hujusce poëmatis ea humanæ felicitatis complectitur argumenta, ad quæ nostra omnium, ætate saltem provectiorum, contendunt vota. Nihil magnificum, nihil sumptuosum, nihil homine prudente et bono indignum, præoptatur. Supervacua, et ad veræ jucunditatem vitæ non facientia, repudiantur multa. Ea scilicet declinat noster et aversatur auctor, quæ vel luxuries vitiose, vel lascive ignavia solet excogitare; satis beatus, si gaudiis, quæ sperando conceperit, nihil intervenerit curarum aut ægritudinis.

Sperantibus, quoad licita et innocua, omnia sunt libera. Et quoniam pleræque in futuro sunt voluptates, optando facimus præsentiores, et conspectui propius admovemus. Contemplatio est quoddam fruendi genus; et expectatio deliciarum, absentiæ quodammodo est solatium Itaque æquissimo jure licebit voto indulgere nec infaceto nec illiberali, quod venientia senectutis incommoda, si non tota repellere et remorari, diminuere certe potest et delinire.

Diu Anglicis lectoribus placuit, diuque, ut auguramur, placebit celebratum hoc opusculum: et speravimus auctori nostro non injurium fore, si latine etiam legendum exhiberemus. Id certe optavimus, ut iterum exteris, apud quos peregrinatus est, quantum per nos posset, vetus innotesceret hospes; et fama, qua semel floruit, de novo aliquantulum reviviseceret. De nobis nihil ausi polliceri, tuæ, lector, benevolentiæ acceptum referemus, si Romanis auribus non prodeat omnino indignus; si Italis, quibuscum ei docta intercessit consuetudo, non multo ingratior, in hac etiam versione, quam suis est in lingua vernacula popularibus.

Ex promisso, annotationes ipsius auctoris subjecimus pauculas; cæteris eo concilio omissis, ne nimii videremur, in re non prorsus necessaria. Hoc unicum exorandus restas, amice lector, ut si quid in

transferendo hoc carmine interpres vel lubens (quod rarius fit) addiderit aut variaverit, vel genio linguarum aut idiomatum coactus diversitate prætermiserit, et excusandi et condonandi detur locus; qui citius forsan dabitur, si te præfando non ultra detineamus. Vive et bene vale.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE WISH.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? Hor. lib. i. Ode 31.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;
Quid sentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?
Id. lib. i. Ep. 18.

That is,
When poets, offering at Apollo's shrine,
Out of the sacred goblets pour new wine;
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I'm at Epsom, or on Banstead Down,
Free from the wine, and smoke, and noise o' th' town,
When I those waters drink, and breathe that air;
What are my thoughts? what's my continual prayer?

THE WISH.

BY DR. WALTER POPE.

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,[a]
Let this be my fate: In a country town,[b]
May I have a warm house, with a stone[c] at the gate,
And a cleanly[d] young girl to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my passion[e] with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser[f] and better, as my strength wears
away;
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

May my little[g] house stand on the side[h] of a hill,
With an easy descent to a mead and a mill,[i]
That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read,
In the mill if it rains; if it's dry, in the mead.
May I govern, &c.

[a] Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti. HOR.
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos,
Ocyor Euro. IDEM.
Ocyor et cœli flammis, et tigride fœta. LUCAN.

[b] O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? HOR.

[c] By the help whereof I may mount my easy pad-nag, mentioned in the third stanza. In the west of England they call it an upping stock.

VOTUM.

Si Senii descendam (et cœpi vergere) ad annos;
Rure mihi exigui sint, tepidique lares;
Præ foribus sit scamnum, et sit non sordida virgo,
Quæ molli foveat tempora calva manu.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
Ut carptim attenuor, rex dominusque mei.
Nec podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciatibus urar;
Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

Ad declive jugum, placidoque quod imminet amni,
Qua mola, qua pratum est, stet mea parva domus:
Ut sit, ubi assideam lectori auditor alumno,
Si sudus, vel si Jupiter udus erit.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

[d] Quæ non offendat sordibus. Hor.

[e] ———— Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catena. Idem.

[f] Lenior et melior fiam, accedente senecta. Idem.

[g] Parva, sed apta, domus.

[h] Neither on the top nor the bottom; the best situation for a house or a city, affording both conveniency of cellars, and a descent to take off the waters.

[i] It will be thought the old man has made a very ill choice of a mill to hear his boy read in; but they who make this objection, either know not, or at least do not

Near a shady grove,[k] and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance,[l] whereon I may look,
With a spacious plain, without hedge or style,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch,[m] and two or three more
Of the best wits, that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton,[n] rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean,[o] tho' coarse linen, at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

consider, that noise helps deafness, which is incident to old age. That this is a truth, both experience and reason evidence.

I have known several who could hear little or nothing in their chambers; but when they were in a coach rattling upon the stones, heard very well. I also knew a lady in Essex, whose name was Tyrrel, who, while she had occasion to discourse, used to beat a great drum, without which she could not hear at all; the reason whereof is this: the most frequent cause of deafness is the relaxation of the tympanum or drum of the ear, which, by this violent and continual agitation of the air, is extended, and made more tight and springy, and better reflects sounds, like a drum new braced.

[k] Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. HOR.
Et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons. IDEM.
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam, neque purior ambiat Hebrus. ID.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ;——
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves. IDEM.
—Per pronum trepidans cum murmure rivum. IDEM.
Levis crepante lympha desilit pede. IDEM.
Unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt. IDEM.

Qua nemus umbrosum, et salientis murmura rivi,
Esto in conspectu, sed procul esto, mare.
Planities juxta, sine fossa aut sepe, mihique
Porrectam et manno det spatiosa viam.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Flaccus, Petrarcha, et veterum liber unus et alter
Adsint, ingenii quos celebravit honor.
Commendet dapibus melior, potiorque ferina,
Fercula simplicitas munditiæque mea.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

l Neptunum procul a terris spectare furentem. IDEM.
——— Jactantibus æquora ventis,
E terra, magnum alterius spectare laborem,
——— Tua sine parte pericli:
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere dulce est.
LUCR.

m A famous Italian poet, who flourished in the 13th century; he was one of the first restorers of learning. The author of this Wish has begun to write his life, and designs (God willing) in a short time to publish it.

n Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat: imprimis valeas bene, nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
Quæ simplex olim tibi sederit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis:
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita: vides ut pallidus omnis
Cœna desurgat dubia; quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ. HOR.

o —— Ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non et cantharus et lanx
Ostendat tibi te. IDEM.

With a pudding[p] on Sundays, with stout humming
liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar,
With Monte-Fiascone,[q] or Burgundy[r] wine,
To drink the king's[s] health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

May my wine be vermilion, may my malt-drink be
pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too stale:
In lieu of desserts, unwholesome and dear,
Let Lodi[t] or Parmesan bring up the rear.
May I govern, &c.

Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena, IDEM.
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ. . IDEM.
Pauperies immunda domus procul absit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar magna, an parva, ferar unus et idem. ID.

p Though the poet never eats any, he provides this dish for his guests; but principally in observance of the old English custom, to let no Sunday pass without a pudding. From this, and many passages before, it is evident that he is a very superstitious fellow.

q A town in Tuscany, celebrated for good wine, and the epitaph of a Dutchman buried there. All the books which treat of travelling through Italy relate this story at large: but since it may be new to some who shall read this, I will set it down in few words. A Dutch traveller, with his servant, lighted at the inn which lies out of the town, and thence sent his servant into it to find out the best wine, ordering him to write "EST" upon the door of the house wherein he found good wine; where he found better, "EST, EST;" where the best, "EST, EST, EST;" the servant obeyed his commands punctually. The master follows, and finds the tavern bearing this last inscription;

Sabbata distinguat fartum, conviva sacerdos,
  Docti sermones, interiorque cadus.
Nec vini, Burgunde, tui mihi anecdota desint,
  Quæ regi, quoties prandeo, sacra bibam.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Purpura sit Baccho, Cereri sit pallor; et ævo
  Maturus justo detur utrique sapor.
Divite pro victu, luxuque salubrior omni,
  Caseus esto tuus, Parma, corona dapum.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

and drank so much, that it cast him into a fever, whereof he died. His servant buried him in the church, engraving upon his tomb-stone this epitaph, which is still to be seen there:

EST, EST, EST.
PROPTER NIMIUM EST.
JO. DE FUC. D. MEUS MORTUUS EST.

[r] Beauln, a town in the dukedom of Burgundy, famous for a magnificent hospital, and the excellency of its wines, which are incomparably the best in France, if not in the world.

Experto crede Roberto.
I do not speak this by hearsay.

[s] Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
  Te mensis adhibet deum.
Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
Diffuso pateris, et laribus tuum
Miscet nomen, uti Græcia Castoris,
  Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas, o utinam, dux bone, ferias
Præstes hesperiæ, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cum sol oceano subest. HOR.

[t] Laus Pompeii, a wonderful fertile town in the dutchy of Milan, whose cheese is of greater fame than Parmesan.

Nor tory,[u] or whig, observator or trimmer
May I be, nor against the law's torrent a swimmer.
May I mind what I speak, what I write and hear read,
And with matters of state never trouble my head.
May I govern, &c.

Let the gods, who dispose of every king's crown,
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down;
I'll pay the whole shilling impos'd on my head,
Tho' I go without claret[w] that night to my bed.
May I govern, &c.

I'll bleed without grumbling, though that tax[x] should appear
As oft as new moons, or weeks in a year.
For why should I let a seditious word fall,
Since my lands[y] in Utopia[z] pay nothing at all?
May I govern, &c.

Tho' I care not for riches, may I not be so poor,
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door;
May they court my converse,[a] may they take much delight
My old stories to hear in a winter's long night.
May I govern, &c.

[u] Those odious names of distinction kindled great animosity and strangeness, and even hatred, betwixt relations and friends.

[w] If that should happen, it would be a shrewd affliction to the poet.

Liber et immunis, nullis à partibus adstem,
  Nec legum adversus vim fluviumque natem;
Quid loquar, aut scribam, cautusque et providus [auctor,
  Ire sinam regni res, velut ire volunt.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Dî, quos imperium penes est, rerumque potestas,
  Regna, quibus visum est, dent, adimantque data.
Impositum capiti solvam non invidus assem,
  Una licet tubulo nox cyathoque caret.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Solvam ego, nec querulus contra mussabo, tributa
  Si poscant menses hebdomadesque nova;
Cur etenim obmussans duram vocitavero legem,
  Cum fundi solvant nil mei in Utopia?
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Non peto divitias; nec sim tam sordide egenus,
  Nauseet ut dives tecta subire mea:
Quin mecum historiis ad largum circulus ignem
  Decipere hybernæ tædia noctis amet.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

[x] A poll-bill.

[y] A good encouragement to pay for his head.

[z] A place in Jupiter, or the moon, or some other of the planets; for it is not to be found in the map of the world.

[a] ——Pauperemque dives
Me petit. HOR.
———— Aniles
Ex re fabellas. IDEM.

My small stock of wit may I not misapply,
To flatter ill men, be they never so high;
Nor mispend the few moments I steal from the grave,
In fawning and cringing like a dog or a slave.
May I govern, &c.

May none whom I love, to so great riches [b] rise,
As to slight their acquaintance, and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be,
As to move either pity or envy in me.
May I govern, &c.

A friendship I wish for, but alas! 'tis in vain,
Jove's store-house is empty, and can't it supply,
So firm, that no change of times, envy, or gain,
Or flatt'ry, or woman, should have power to untie.
May I govern, &c.

But if friends prove unfaithful, and fortune a whore, [c]
Still may I be virtuous, though I am poor;
My life then as useless, may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish true wit and good wine.
May I govern, &c.

[b] The Spanish proverb says,
Let not God make our friends so rich, as to forget us.

[c] Fortuna, sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna.

Regum ut laudator fiam, vitiisque minister,
  Ingenium nolim prostituisse meum;
Nec, canis ut caudam submittam et blandiar instar,
  Perbreve, quod morti subtraho, tempus agam.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Ad tantas nec surgat opes, quem diligo, quisquam,
  Nesciat ut notos, prætereatque videns;
Tam supra sit nemo situs, tam nemo sit infra,
  Ut mihi vel livor, vél siet inde dolor.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Detur et oh! (si posco quod æquum est poscere) fidæ,
  Nec tamen ingentis, cultus amicitiæ;
Cultus amicitiæ, quam tempora nulla valebunt,
  Quam nullæ rerum dissoluisse vices.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Sin comites infidi, et sit fortuna proterva,
  Salva mihi virtus esto, licebit inops.
Tum demum videatur iners et inutilis ætas,
  Cum mihi nec vinum, nec sapit ingenium.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Laudo manentem. si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
  Virtute me involvo———
——— Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
  Sustinet; hic posuisse gaudet. HOR.

To outlive my senses[d] may it not be my fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;
But rather let death come before 'tis so late,
And while there's some sap[e] in it, may my tree[f] fall.
May I govern, &c.

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For priests or physicians, till I'm so near my end,
That I have eat all my bread, and drank my last glass;[g]
Let them come then, and set their seals to my pass.[h]
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and not left behind him his fellow.
May I govern, &c.

Without any noise,[i] when I've pass'd o'er the stage,
And decently acted what part fortune[k] gave,

[d] May I not lose my sight, my hearing, and my memory, and be a burden to my friends and myself: "Telluris inutile pondus," a dead unuseful burden to the ground.

[e] Some corporeal and intellectual vigour.

[f] ——— Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet. OVID.

If you tell an Italian, such an one is a rich or happy man, he'll reply, "Dammi lo morto," as much as to say, Let me see him dead, and then it will be evident whether he is or not; before that, no true judgment is to be made.

Nec misere morbosum adeo delira senectus
Conterat, ut faciat me superesse mihi;
Morte minus sera potius mea concidat arbor,
Dum ramis aliquis succus et humor inest.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Nec prius accersam medicum, nec pharmacopolam;
Quam prope jam summum clauserit hora diem.
Totum ubi desumpsi panem, cyathumque supremum,
Tum mihi subsignent, ilicet, ire licet.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Forti atque impavido suprema ubi venerit hora,
Hoc mihi qui dicat, sit, repetatque vale:
Mortuus es, cui nullum aut mane aut vespere, nullum
Aut siccum aut madidum, Pope, videbo parem.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Quam fortuna dedit, fabella ubi rite peracta
Exierim scena clam, strepituque procul;

[g] The poet alludes to a tradition among the Turks, who believe, that when any one is born into the world, there is such a quantity of meat and drink set before him, which when he has consumed, he must die. The moral whereof is, he that desires to live long, must be sparing in his meat and drink.

[h] That I may die regularly, observing all the ceremonies, formalities, and punctualities: "A la coûtume," which is, according to our barbarous translation, "To a cow's thumb."

[i] Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ. HOR.
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit. IDEM.

[k] —Quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi." VIRG.

And put off my vest[l] in a cheerful[m] old age,
May a few honest fellows see me laid in my grave.
May I govern, &c.

I care not, whether under a turf or a stone,
With any inscription upon it, or none:
If a thousand years hence, Here lies W. P.[n]
Shall be read on my tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern, &c.

Yet one wish I add, for the sake of those few[o]
Who in reading these lines any pleasure shall take;
May I leave a good fame,[p] and a sweet-smelling name.
Amen. Here an end of my wishes I make.

CHORUS.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away;
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

[l] My garments of flesh, wherein I acted my part on the stage of the world; when the farce is done, and the curtain drawn.

[m] ——— Precor, integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem. HOR.

[n] The poet presumes he shall have a very short and modest epitaph, if any; only the two first letters of his name.

[o] —— Non, ut me miretur turba, laboro,
Contentus paucis lectoribus.—— MART.

Et placidam exuerim, carnis cum veste, senectam,
  Pulvere me comitum condat amica manus.
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Me nil solicitat, saxone an cespite signer,
  Nominet an tumulus me, sileatne meus.
Mille ubi transierint anni, quæ tanta sequetur
  Gloria, si forsan litera bina legar?
Æquo animum imperio, etc.

Si tamen hos versus, siquem legisse juvabit,
  Hoc addo optatis, et superaddo nihil:
Dulcis honor virtutum, et odoræ gratia famæ,
  Votique et vitæ terminus esto meæ.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
  Ut carptim attenuor, rex dominusque mei.
Nec podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciatibus urar,
  Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

[p] Quæ post fata venit gloria, sera venit.
Though fame will not concern me, after I am dead, yet I wish for it, because it will be a pleasure to my surviving friends:
  Si quos superesse volunt dî. HOR.
If I do not (which has happened to many old men) outlive all my friends.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

BY GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,—
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among the crew?"

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill note he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

GULIELMUS

SUSANNÆ VALEDICENS.

In statione fuit classis, fusisque per auras
  Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
Cum navem ascendit Susanna: "O dicite, nautæ,
  Nostræ ubi deliciæ sunt? ubi noster amor?
Dicite vos, animi fortes, sed dicite verum,
  Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?"

Pendulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
  Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infra
  Præmisit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi:
Vixque manu tangens funes, et præpete labens
  Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

Sic alto in cœlo tremulis se librat ut alis,
  Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,
Devolat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
  In caræ nidum precipitatur avis.
Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
  Navarcha optârit maximus esse sua.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
  My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
  We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
  Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
  In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
  Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
  William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

"Suave meum, et vita Susanna o carior ipsa,
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illam:
Gratior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit.
Quo velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
Cor meum, ut ad boream nautica vergit acus.

"Terra degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
Tentabunt dubio solicitare metu:
In quovis portu, (sed noli o! credere) dicent,
Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
Quin o! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

"Sive Indus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis Afer,
Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
Quas ostentet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, tui.

"Nec, mea lux, doleas; patriæ si causa requirat,
Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
Ne dulces istos constristet fletus ocellos,
Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
  They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

TWEED-SIDE.

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
  How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
  Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
  Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
  Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
  The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
  With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
  Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
  And love, where the feathered folks sing.

Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
  Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus:
Dixit uterque, Vale: et lacrymis simul oscula miscens,
  Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita et tarde ad terram Susanna recedit,
  Et nivea repetit, "Vive, valeque!" manu.

TUEDA.

Quas aperit veneres! quam Flora arridet amœnum,
  Ad placidam Tuedæ lene fluentis aquam!
His tamen, his cunctis, formosior una Maria,
  Natur pariter vincit et artis opes.
Non rosa, non violæ, non picto margine bellis,
  Totaque luxuries, qua variatur humus;
Non, quæ subrepens blando interlabitur agros
  Flumine, tam suavi Tueda decore nitet.

Sylva choris avium resonat vocalis; et omne
  Virgultum harmonia fervet, et omne nemus.
Miscent et merulæ numeros, gemitusque palumbes;
  Desuper aërios addit alauda modos.
Vernantem in campum mecum descende, novique
  Videris, ut surgat primula, veris honos.
Dum populus circum cantat pennatus, amori
  Quam mecum ad Tuedam lenta vacare potes!

How does my love pass the long day?
  Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
  While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
  Kind nature indulging my bliss;
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
  I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
  No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell;
  She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
  Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
  Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

LUCY AND COLIN.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
  Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
  Reflect so fair a face,
Till luckless love, and pining care,
  Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
  And eyes of glossy blue.

Quo minuit studio, quo longas decipit horas?
  Nonne aliquot teneras lux mea servat oves?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abstrahit error,
  Dum furtim somnus lumina claudit heræ?
Murmure jucundo mollem suadere soporem
  Si possit votis Tueda secunda meis;
Ambrosiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægrum,
  Lætusque et tacitus, surripuisse velim.

Vulgares inter flammas meus emicat ignis,
  Ut nusquam forma nympha sit ulla pari:
Pluribus a pulchris, a mille et mille venustis,
  Distinguunt vitam gratia multa meam.
Suaviolum, quin fare, meum; quæ pascua malunt,
  Aut ubi, sub medio sole, vagantur oves?
Ad Tavæ errantes quæram sinuosa fluenta?
  Quæramve ad Tuedæ candidioris aquam?

LUCIA ET CORYDON.

Quas, venerum fœcunda parens, Lagenia novit,
  Lucia formarum gloria, flosque fuit:
Ora nec aspectu tam læta et pulchra Modoni
  Flumine de liquido pura reflexit aqua.
Sed dolor, et curæ, lætabile quicquid edentes,
  Egregium sensim diminuere decus;
Sed deceptus amor carptim privavit ocellos
  Gemmis, curaliis labra, rosisque genas.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
  When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
  Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
  Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
  Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
  A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
  The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
  The solemn boding sound,
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
  The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
  Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
  Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
  In early youth I die:
Am I to blame, because his bride
  Is thrice as rich as I?

Vidistin' (quin sæpe vides!) ut languida marcent
 Lilia, quæ subitæ prægravat imber aquæ?
Lento sic periit tabo, sic palluit illa,
 Ad finem extremo jam properante die.
Hoc monitæ exemplo, blandos fallacis amantis,
 Credula vos nymphæ corda, timete dolos:
Discite, vos juvenes, læsam quam certa deorum
 Vindicta insequitur, quam gravis ira, fidem.

Tinnitu sonuit terno campanula, cuncta
 Nocte intempesta cum siluere loca.
Terque ala increpitans cornix, rostroque fenestram
 Pulsans, lethales edidit ore sonos.
Accepit, novitque omen, bene conscia virgo
 Fati, feralis quod recinebat avis;
Et moriens nymphis circum lacrymantibus infit,
 Sic super exequiis illacrymata suis.

"Vocem ego, quam vobis non est audire, jubentem
 Audio, maturem præcipitemque fugam.
Dexteram ego, quam vobis non est spectare, vetantem
 Specto, ne fingam quid mediterve moræ.
In primæ morior succisa, heu! flore juventæ,
 Pectoris infidi capta puella dolo.
Inde æquum et fas est vitio mihi vertere, sponsæ
 Quod minor est longe dos mea dote novæ?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
  Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
  Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
  Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
  That Lucy will be there.

"There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
  The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
  I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne,
  The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
  She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
  How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
  And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
  At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
  He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

"Vota mihi, Juvenis, soli mihi credita, nulla
Oh! alienari conditione sinas.
At neque tu, virgo, blande nunc oscula dantem,
Quod tuus est hodie, dixeris esse tuum.
Jungere cras dextræ dextram properatis uterque,
Et tarde interea creditis ire diem.
Credula quin virgo, juvenis quin perfide, uterque
Scite, quod et pacti Lucia testis erit.

"Exangue oh! illuc, comítes, deferte cadaver,
Qua semel oh! iterum congrediamur, ait;
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Ipsa sepulchrali vincta pedesque stola."
Dixit, et occubuit—delatum exangue cadaver,
Qua semel in longum congrederentur, erat:
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Illa sepulchrali vincta pedesque stola.

Quo thalamos ritu credas celebrarier istos!
Ut Corydon animi discruciatus erat!
Lucia ubi exanimis jacuit, coïere juventus,
Et tota in fletus villa soluta fuit.
Extemplo juvenem pudor, ira, insania, luctus
Distrahit, et furiis exagitatus amor;
Pallidaque humectans gelidis sudoribus ora,
Perfidiæ ingemuit conscius, et cecidit.

From the vain bride, (ah! bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain foresworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

ADVICE TO CHLOE.

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure,
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

Conjugis a vultu (nec jam ultra conjugis) omnis
Purpura continuo fugit, et omnis honos :
Rivalem et sponsum, extensum cum corpore corpus,
Funera cum vidit procubuisse duo.
Virginis ad tumulum desertæ ille, ossibus ossa
Mixturus, juvenum lugubre fertur onus ;
Idem nunc restat sub eodem cespite pulvis,
Unaque cum nympha contumulatur humus.

Sæpius hunc visunt, qui numina justa verentur ;
Cum fida pariter virgine fidus amans.
Textilibus sertis, vittisque in mutua nexis,
Sæpius hunc signant condecorantque locum.
Sed quicunque fidem dederis, nec fœdere certo
Servatam, a sacro cespite siste gradum.
Quod subiit Corydon fatum, memor esto; nec illic
Te tristi occursu terreat umbra, cave.

CHLOE MONITA.

Dum fastu me, cara Chloe, fas præter et æquum,
Subruis, et reficis spe, cruciasque metu,
Deperdis lætæ quod amœnum est omne juventæ ;
Inque senectutem triste reponis onus.
Forma brevis, dicis, flos est ætatis, amorque
Rebus, quæ pereunt, ortus, et ipse perit ;
Hoc tibi persuades : sed re modo dicta probâris,
Quam male persuades, experiendo scies.

The love, that from beauty is drawn,
  By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
  Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
  Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies,
  We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
  You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropsical, she is sore-eyed,
  Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
  Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
  His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
  Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
  That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
  The endearments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
  The best of our blessings below.

Ut sit perpetuus, forma qui nascitur, ut sit
Mutuus, officiis crescere debet amor.
Sunt blandi risus primordia lucis; amore,
Tum modo, cum fruimur, fulget aperta dies.
Si tibi nox tenebris illos obvelet ocellos,
Qui tam jucundum nunc rutilumque nitent;
Si totum eripiat cœlum caligine, quanta,
Dicemus memores, Lux aliquando fuit!

Darbæum en vetulum vetula cum conjuge! vitam
Quam placide infirmum par, et amanter agunt!
Blæsa illa est oculis, et crura hydropicus ille
Vix trahit; at letho majus abesse malum est.
Gressibus invalidis conjux cum conjuge reptat;
Aut simul apricans considet ante fores;
Cumque ille extremum cyathi desumpserit haustum,
Deponit, certa lege, Joanna tubum.

Cum nulla utrivis, quicquid delinquit utervis,
Corporis excusent ingeniive bona;
Quas esse aut illi veneres aut conjicis illi?
Unde fit, alterius tam sit ut alter amans?
Dulce recordari est actos feliciter annos,
Quam sensim ad canam consenuere fidem;
Inde sacrum fœdus, firmoque est copula nexu;
Qua melius terris Dii tribuere nihil.

These traces for ever will last;
No sickness or time can remove,
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

THE FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike, both thine and mine,
Hasten quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

Longum illa, in longum, quæ nulla aboleverit ætas,
  Nullaque morborum vis, monumenta manent:
Namque decor simul omnis abest et gratia formæ;
  Fitque, quod ætatis restat, amoris hyems;
Crescit amicitiæ suavis reputantibus usus,
  Quam vel adhuc grati præteriere dies.
Quæque retardari possunt per nulla senectæ
  Frigora, perpetuo gaudia fonte fluunt.

MUSCA.

Potare, musca, de meo aut quovis scypho,
Vocata, non vocata, præsens advena,
Lubens libensque curiosam exple sitim,
Siccare totum si valebis pŏculum:
Ævi fugacis punctulum carpe, arripe;
Ævi, quod interire pergit indies.

Utriusque vita properat, et tua et mea,
Ad exitum cursu incitato vergere;
Æstas tuæ, nec amplius spatium est meæ,
Ad bis tricenas usque si redit vices:
Cum præteribit bis tricena, sicuti
Unius æstatis videbitur fuga.

THE INVITATION TO THE RED-BREAST.

Sweet bird, whom the winter constrains—
  And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat while he reigns
  In the well-shelter'd dwelling of man,
Who never can seem to intrude,
  Though in all places equally free,
Come, oft as the season is rude,
  Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray
  That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day,
  My windows shall show thee a feast.
For, taught by experience, I know,
  Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
  Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
  Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
  Go where it shall please thee to sing:

AD RUBECULAM INVITATIO.

Hospes avis, conviva domo gratissima cuivis,
  Quam bruma humanam quærere cogit opem,
Huc o! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,
  Confuge, et incolumis sub lare vive meo:
Unde tuam esuriem releves, alimenta fenestræ
  Apponam, quoties itque reditque dies;
Usu etenim edidici, quod grato alimenta rependes
  Cantu, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

Vere novo, tepidæ spirant cum molliter auræ,
  Et suus in quavis arbore vernat honos,
Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,
  Læta quibus resonat musica parque tuæ:
Sin iterum, sin forte iterum, inclementia brumæ
  Ad mea dilectam tecta reducat avem,
Esto, redux, grato memor esto rependere cantu
  Pabula, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

Vis hinc harmoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas
  Conspicitur, nusquam conspicienda magis;
Vincula quod stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,
  Vincula vix longa dissocianda die.

And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
  Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
  Only pay as thou paidst me before.

This music must needs be confess'd
  To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
  Unchangeable friendship and love?
And who on the globe can be found,
  Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
  Or boasts any musical pow'rs?

THE SNOWDROP.

With head reclin'd, the snowdrop see!
The first of Flora's progeny,
In virgin modesty appear,
To hail and welcome in the year!

Fearless of winter, it defies
The rigour of inclement skies,
And early hastens forth to oring
The tidings of approaching spring.

Captat et incantat blando oblectamine musa
  Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus;
Nos homines et aves, quotcunque animalia vivunt,
  Nos soli, harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus.

FLORÆ PRIMITIÆ.

Virgineum casto caput en! recline pudore
  Flosculus ostentat, de nive nomen habens!
Ecce! recens natum primus resalutet ut annum,
  Exerit e gelida se properanter humo!

Nec rigidi conterret eum inclementia cœli,
  Frigida nec Boreæ vis, hyemisque minæ;
Axe statim verso, quin protinus exit in auras,
  Veris ut instantis nuncia læta ferat.

Though simple in its dress and plain,
It ushers in a beauteous train;
And claims, how gaudy e'er they be,
The merit of precedency.

All that the gay or sweet compose,
The pink, the violet, and the rose,
In fair succession as they blow,
Their glories to the snowdrop owe.

LOVE DISARMED.

BY PRIOR.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade,
As Chloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desired to rest:
Over her paps his wings he spread,
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph surprised
Yet mistress of herself, devised
How she the vagrant might enthral,
And captive him, who captives all.
Her boddice half-way she unlaced:
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

Nativo quamvis cultu candoreque simplex,
  Pulchrum illa inducit simplicitate chorum,
Nec totidem veneres inter, quotcunque sequuntur,
  Se primum dubitat promeruisse locum.

Quicquid enim tenerum spirant, vel amabile miscent,
  Lilia, vel violæ, purpureæque rosæ,
Quique aliis alii succedunt floribus, omne
  Ex uno excipiunt simplice flore decus.

AMOR INERMIS.

Qua myrtus ramis viridem contexuit umbram
  Diffusis, jacuit semisupina Chloe.
Huc tacito accessit tendens vestigia gressu,
  Et furtim in molli pectore sedit Amor.
Expansis mammas alis protexit, et intus
  Intrusum occuluit parvulus erro caput.

Ut nympha excussit somnum, perterrita numen
  In tepido sensit delituisse sinu.
At revocans animos, fraudem sub pectore versat,
  Cætera qui fallit, fallere certa deum.
Tum solvens zonam, pueri per brachia ducit,
  Et teneras vincit callida nympha manus.

The god awaked; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain:
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Encumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping, said,
"Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee."

"To me pertains not," she replies,
"To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me."

"Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again."

"Agreed! secure my virgin heart;
Instant give up thy bow and dart:

Sopitum lædunt divum nova vincula; somne,
Non ita cum vinc'lis excutienda tuis;
Ter filum vano tentat diffringere nisu,
Ter frustra ad celerem tenditur ala fugam.

Et trepidam quatiens pennam, cum fletibus inquit,
"Fortunæ ignoscas, blanda puella, meæ;
Ignoscas, si cæcum, inquit, me devius error
Duxerit ad pectus, candida virgo, tuum:
Devius error erat certe; namque heu bene nôram,
Quod sedes illic non habiturus eram.
Dimittas captivum, oro; qui nil tibi, nympha, est
Molitus, certe nil tibi, nympha, mali."

"Nec scio, nec me scire juvat," cui rettulit illa,
"Unde puer venias, quo fugiasve vagus;
Non mihi, quæ latebræ, quæ sint habitacula, curæ est,
Non mihi, qua nectas in regione moram;
At non dimittam; neque enim tibi credo; parabas
Nam certe insidias, insidiasque mihi."

"Virgineum quæ curæ urgent tibi pectus inanes!
Ipse lubens arcus, et tibi tela dabo:
Captivo mihi, cara Chloe, si vincula solves,
Et me, quo libeat, rursus abire sines."

"Virgineum defende meum de vulnere pectus,
Et mihi des arcus, et mihi tela lubens:

The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly."
Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day,
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, flutt'ring, idle guest.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead,
Directs his arrows as she wills;
Gives grief or pleasure, spares or kills.

CHLOE HUNTING.

BY PRIOR.

Behind her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid;
And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said;
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake:
And laughing cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.

Captivo tibi, care puer, tum vincula solvam,
Et te, quo libeat, rursus abire sinam."
Vincula sic puero solvit nympha, et sua nymphæ,
Vincula solventi, tradidit arma puer.

Se deus hinc lusu puerili exercet inermis,
Nec juvenes curat virgineosque greges :
Interdum ad pectus volitat, nymphamque revisit ;
Sed sedet innocuum numen, et hospes iners.

Hinc arcus pharetramque gerens funestaque tela
Pro libitu passim dirigit arma Chloe ;
Pro libitu parcit vel vulnerat ; ipsa Cupido
Et simul in terris regnat, et ipsa Venus.

CHLOE VENATRIX.

Forte Chloe, pulchros nodo collecta capillos
Post collum, pharetraque latus succincta decora,
Venatrix ad sylvam ibat ; cervumque secuta
Elapsum visu, deserta per avia tendit
Incerta. Errantem nympham conspexit Apollo,
Et, Converte tuos, dixit, mea Cynthia, cursus ;
En ibi (monstravitque manu) tibi cervus anhelat
Occultus dumo, latebrisque moratur in illis.
Improbus hæc audivit Amor, lepidumque cachinnum
Attollens, Poterantne etiam tua numina falli?

Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's banks, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know;
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighb'ring grove
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chace the flying deer:
I, and my Chloe, take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

THE GARLAND.

BY PRIOR.

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
  The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
  To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
  Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
  The scent less fragrant than her breath.

Hinc quæso, bone Phœbe, tuam dignosce sororem,
Et melius venerare meam. Tua Cynthia longe
Mæandri ad ripas, aut summi in vertice Latmi,
Versatur; nostra est soror hæc, nostra, inquit, amica
est:
Hæc nostros promit calamos, arcumque sonantem
Incurvat, Tamumque colens, placidosque recessus
Lucorum, quos alma quies sacravit amori.
Ite per umbrosos saltus, lustrisque vel aprum
Excutite horrentem setis, cervumve fugacem,
Tuque sororque tua, et directo sternite ferro:
Nobilior labor, et divis dignissima cura
Meque Chloenque manet; nos corda humana ferimus,
Vibrantes certum vulnus, nec inutile telum.

SERTUM.

Selegi nemoris suave est quodcunque vel horti,
Liliaque, et violas, virgineasque rosas;
Quod caryophyllis pulchre variatur, ut esset,
Ornatum capiti texeret unde Chloe.

Illa statim in sertum textos imponere flores
Dignata est pulchris, munere læta, comis.
At neque sic positis, si virginis ora videres,
Gratia vel formæ par, vel odoris, erat.

The flow'rs she wore along the day ;
  And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
  Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
  Their colours lost, their odours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
  Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
  As any muse's tongue could speak ;
When from its lid a pearly tear
  Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
  " My love, my life," said I, " explain,
This change of humour ; pr'ythee tell,
  That falling tear, what does it mean?

She sigh'd ; she smiled ; and to the flowers
  Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
  See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
  And that of beauty are but one:
At noon both flourish bright and gay ;
  Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

Quæ primo induerat florum redimicula mane,
  Gessit per totum nympha venusta diem:
Et juvenes pariter, pariter dixere puellæ,
  Non in natali sic nituisse solo.

Exuta ut flores sensit, quod nulla colorum
  Vespere restaret gratia, nullus odor;
Palluit obtutu, gemuitque, oculoque pudice
  Demisso, sertum dejiciebat humi.

Ille, silens quamvis, musa facundior omni,
  Index egregiæ mentis ocellus erat;
Cum furtim ex illo, gemmæ rutilantis ad instar,
  Pulchram humectaret lucida gutta genam.

Quod scivi, nescivi; et cur, carissima vita,
  Oh! mea lux, dixi, cur ea gutta cadit?
Unde obiit pallor vultus? fare, obsecro, fare,
  Tam subito lapsu gutta quid illa velit?

Ecce! unde! (ingemuitque simul, peramabile ridens)
  Ecce! ait interpres pulchra, sit unde dolor!
Dona tua en quantum, paucis fugientibus horis,
  Unica mutarit, tota nec illa, dies!

Hei mihi! quod floret languetque superbia Maii,
  Floret idem formæ gloria, languet idem.
Utraque mane vigens placidumque et dulce rubescit;
  Utraque marcescit vespere, pallet, abit.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
  The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
  I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
  Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
  The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

THE WREATH.

TRANSLATED BY MR. D. LEWIS.

  Sweet, lovely, chaste,
  Ye lilies, haste,
That in the vallies breathe:
  To Phyllis haste,
  Sweet, lovely, chaste,
For Phyllis twine the wreath.

  Ye roses, come,
  With virgin bloom,
The pride of gardens own'd;
  That from your bed
  Diffusive shed
Ambrosial odours round.

Cum mane illuxit, multos Stella inter amantes,
  Saltibus et cantu, lusus amorque fuit:
Vespere pallentem conspexi in frigore mortis,
  Osculaque exangui terque quaterque dedi.

Triste hodie et pallens quod cernitur illa, videbor
  Cras istud forsan triste cadaver ego.
I, Damon, musamque jube describere versu,
  Quam justo doleat vestra dolore Chloe.

COROLLA.

Lilia, adeste,
Gloria vallis,
Candida castaque,
Sertaque nectite
Castæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candidæ;

Virgineæ rosæ,
Quæ decus horti
Suave rubescitis,
Ambrosiosque
Fusius exha-
latis odores;

Ye violets, too,
In fields that grow,
And drink the vernal dew;
That dash the woods,
The meads, the floods,
With drops of purple hue.

And all ye flowers,
Whose wilder stores
O'er nature's face are seen;
Whose various dyes
Promiscuous rise,
And paint th' enamell'd green.

Come, herbs, all ye
That tempt the bee
From leaf to leaf to roam;
Whose balmy veins
Reward her pains,
And send her loaded home.

All, all be join'd,
Of ev'ry kind,
Flowers, herbs; the sweet, the gay;
Twist arm in arm,
Weave charm with charm,
To Phyllis haste away.

Vos violæ, quæ,
Luxuriantis
Purpura veris,
Nascimini, sub-
nasciminique,
Pulchræ, humilesque;

Vos quoque, flosculi,
Copia ruris,
Qua variatur
Omnis agellus,
Qua decoratur
Omne viretum;

Vos redolentes
Herbulæ, adeste,
Quas operosæ
Delibant apes,
Florea per loca
Huc illuc vagæ:

Herbulæ, adeste,
Vos quoque, flosculi,
Et simul omnes
Intertexite
Mille colores,
Milleque odores.

Come, and invest
Her snowy breast,
Come, bind her flowing hair;
Like Flora's dress
Be Phyllis's;
Like Flora she is fair.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye flowers,
Whate'er, ye herbs, can give;
Nor shall your aid
Long grace the maid,
Nor have you long to live.

A little while
Your glories smile,
A little, little reign;
The sun, that warms
Your opening charms,
Oft sees them close again.

Or if they stay
Another day,
And yet another sun;
Then comes a blaze
Of fiercer rays;
They wither and are gone.

Sic redimite
Phyllida nostram,
Ut neque Flora
Vestra decentior,
Aut dea sit ju-
cundior aspici.

At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille potestis
Addere flores,
Addere flosculi,

Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit et idem :

Quosve recludit
Forsan et alter, et
Alter ab altero,
Proximus, et qui
Nascitur illo,
Urit, adurit.

A year consumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes place:
Another new
Shall then ensue,
Another new,—to pass.

But, all the while,
Her beauties smile,
And tempt the lover's care:
A year consumes,
Another comes;
And Phyllis still is fair.

To all one date
Assigns not fate,
As plain, too plain, appears;
Your glories live,
Days four or five,
But hers as many years.

Yet, gentlest race,
Your fleeting grace
To blooming Phyllis lend:
And, as you fade,
Remind the maid,
That years, like days, must end.

Interit annus,
Et subit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus.

Sed florescere
Cernit eadem
Phyllida forma,
Quique recedit,
Quique supervenit,
Alter et alter.

Non datur ætas
Omnibus una,
Nec decet omnes
Una superbia;
Cedite Phyllidi,
Cedite, flosculi.

Cedite, sed ce-
dendo dierum
Quo fuga ritu
Pergit, eodem
Dicite et annos
Ire, perire.

MELISSA.

TRANSLATED BY MR. S. WESLEY.

If, friend, a wife you mean to wed
  Worthy of your board and bed,
That she be virtuous, be your care,
  Not too rich, and not too fair:
One who nor labours to display
  New complexions every day,
Nor, studying artificial grace,
  Out of boxes culls a face.
Nor livelong hours for dressing spares,
  Placing, to displace, her hairs,
And straight replace; an idle pin
  Ten times shifting out and in.
Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
  Thrice her silks, and colours thrice:
Fond o'er and o'er her suits to range,
  Changing still, and still to change.
Nor gads to pay, with busy air,
  Trifling visits here and there;
Long rapping at each door aloud,
  Nuisance to a neighbourhood.
If e'er a play she deign to see,
  (Very rarely shall it be,)

MELISSA.

Hanc, Marce, cum ducetur uxor, elige
  Mensæque consortem et tori:
Bene moribus morata, quæ forma placet,
  Nec dote dotatur nimis.
Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
  Se fingere et refingere;
Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex
  Ab hac, ab illa pyxide.
Nec dislocandis et locandis crinibus,
  Quos iterum et iterum dislocet,
Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
  Deciesque figens et movens.
Nec exuendis induendis vestibus,
  Diversa ter, ter discolor,
Jubar evehit cum Phœbus, et cum devehit,
  Mutatur et mutabitur.
Nec visitando pulsat has et has fores,
  Ut portet importunum ave,
Meam inquietans et tuam viciniam
  Ineptiis et otio.
Si forte spectatrix theatris interest,
  (Et interest rarissima)

She likes not wit in lewdness shown,
  Jests ill-manner'd for a clown;
But hears, with ignorance or rage,
  Double meanings of the stage.
Her spotless mind, the lustful tale
  Nauseates in the nicest veil.
She ne'er is found in crowds unclean,
  Entred mysteries obscene;
Nor seeks in mask, and antic dress,
  Unconfined lasciviousness:
Nor pale, and angry, gaming high,
  Rattles the unlucky die.
Till sunrise restless vigils keeps,
  Light consuming in her sleeps;
Inverting nature, turns with play
  Day to night, and night to day.
This round of follies let her choose,
  Flitting life who likes to lose,
And lets her quickly-ending days
  Pass, and perish as they pass.
The time that vulgar maids despise,
  Careless, thoughtless, how it flies,
Melissa wise, esteems, and knows
  Well to use it, ere it goes.
If e'er Melissa wed my friend,
  With her ent'ring shall attend
Virtues and graces by her side,
  Bridemaids fit for such a bride:
Neat beauty without art display'd,
  Rosy health with native red;

Illiberales nescit infacetias,
Et non verecundos sales
Audire patiens; omnis immodestiæ
Perosa turpitudinem;
Sensusque dubii et involuti ambagibus
Impura nauseat abdita.
Nec initiatur mysticis congressibus,
Noctisque cæremoniis,
Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
Lasciviat ut audentior.
Nec, invenustis ut fritillis increpet,
Et aleis impalleat,
Tenebras ad usque solis ortum vigiliis,
Lucemque dat soporibus;
Dulces diei et noctis invertens vices,
Ratasque leges temporum.
Properantis ævi circulum nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermeare quæ fugam vitæ sinit,
Brevemque summam negligit.
Quos ire et interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans
Vulgus puellarum, Melissa computat
Feliciore calculo.
Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,
Et cum Melissa conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis gratias,
Sacrumque virtutum chorum.
Sine arte compta, et elegans sine tædio,
Aderit venustas; et salus

With her bright innocence shall go,
  Purer than the falling snow:
Quiet, that far from quarrels flies;
  Mirth and pleasure, love and joys:
Firm faith, that plighted promise keeps,
  Silence watching o'er her lips:
Prudence, that ponders all events,
  Wealth-increasing diligence:
Religion, mindful what is owed
  To herself and to her God.
Patient to bear, to pardon free,
  Loveliest grace, humanity!
If erring nature chance to fail,
  Feeble, inadvertent, frail:
Who hates low-whisper'd spite conceal'd,
  Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since envy makes, with rumour'd lies
  Friends and brethren enemies.
Good-breeding shall her handmaid be,
  Join'd with chaste-look'd modesty;
While open heart, and hand, and face,
  Hospitality displays.
If e'er Melissa grace your home,
  These attendants with her come.
Whate'er can good or ill befall,
  Faithful partner she of all.
Whose wisdom, teaching well to bear,
  Soothes the bitterness of care;
Whose joy, if prosp'rous fate you meet,
  Adds new sweetness to the sweet.

Suo rubore rosea; et innocentia
  Cadente purior nive;
Aderit amor, risus, voluptas, gaudium,
  Et litium fugax quies.
Aderit labella comprimens taciturnitas,
  Et fœderis servans fides;
Et omnis eventus memor prudentia,
  Divesque rerum industria:
Accedet his virtutibus pia humilitas,
  Nunquam immemor Dei aut sui.
Regina gratiarum aderit humanitas,
  Perferre facilis et pati,
Humana si natura quid deliquerit,
  Aut caverit siquid parum:
Calumniantium susurros improbans,
  Paucisque notam infamiam;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut malignitas
  Inimicat urbes et domos.
Famulabitur castum intuens modestia,
  Et docta cultu urbanitas;
Et advenis præsens domi hospitalitas,
  Aperta vultus et manum.
His cum sodalibus Melissa gratiis
  Ducetur ad tuam domum;
Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile est,
  Et vera tecum particeps;
Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
  Et consulendo temperet;
Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
  Et quæ novis addat novas.

These ties will nuptial love engage,
Down from youth to hoary age,
If e'er Melissa, lovely spouse,
Life's companion, crown your vows.
Such, such a consort choose to wed,
Worthy of your board and bed.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO TABLES OF ANCIENT COINS, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES, IN THE YEAR 1727; BY MR. CHARLES ARBUTHNOT, STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

TO THE KING.

Great name*, which in our rolls recorded stands,
Leads, honours, and protects the learned bands,
Accept this offering, to thy bounty due,
And Roman wealth in English sterling view.
Read here, how Britain, once despised, can raise
As ample sums, as Rome in Cæsar's days;
Pour forth as numerous legions on the plain,
And with more dreadful navies awe the main.

* The King's name stands first in the buttery-book of Christ-Church College.

Irrupta copula hisce continebitur,
His vinculis firmabitur,
Validis ab annis ad senectam, si tuæ
Melissa sit vitæ comes;
Quam, Marce, cum ducetur uxor, elige,
Mensæque consortem et tori.

DEDICATIO AD REGEM;

IN IPSIUS GRATIAM LATINE REDDITA.

Augustum nomen, nostro qui primus in albo
Præfulges, doctasque auges, quas protegis, artes;
Externas digneris opes, veterumque monetam,
Et Romæ angliaca librare numismata lance.
Hic lege, quas, olim neglecta, Britannia jactet,
Queis neque, devicti spoliis orientis onusta,
Roma recensebat plures sub Cæsare gazas:
Quot campum agminibus stipet, quo fulmine, quantis
Per mare diffusas classes terroribus armet,
Et tua quam late pandat vexilla per orbem.

Tho' shorter lines her fix'd dominions bind,
Her floating empire stretches unconfined.
From Thetis' stores, and not her neighbours' spoils,
She draws her treasure, fruit of honest toils.
Rome sack'd, and plunder'd; Britain clothes and feeds;
Acquires their riches, but supplies their needs.

Sweet seat of freedom! be thy happier doom,
To 'scape the fate, as well as guilt of Rome:
Where riot, offspring of unwieldy store,
Enerv'd those arms, that snatch'd the spoil before;
With costly cates she stain'd her frugal board,
Then with ill-gotten gold she bought a lord.
Corruption, discord, luxury combined,
Down sunk the far-famed mistress of mankind.

Hear, righteous prince! O hear us loud invoke
Thy worth unblemish'd, to avert this stroke:
Yourself so free from ev'ry lawless view,
You scarce admit the homage that is due.
Let other monarchs, with invasive bands,
Lessen their people, and extend their lands;
By gasping nations hated and obey'd,
Lords of the deserts, that their sword has made;
For thee kind heav'n a nobler task design'd,
To fix thy empire on thy people's mind;

Clausa licet terras spatiis brevioribus, udum,
Qua pontus patet usque ambos porrectus ad Indos,
Vendicat imperium: nec passim, ut Roma, rapinis
Omnia divexans, armis sua furta tuetur,
Audax grassatrix; sed cultu divitis arvi
Proventus, peregrino auro, telæque labores
Mutat lanificæ, vestire et pascere gentes
Læta magis, quam vi nudare, et perdere ferro.

Esto tibi, o libertatis pulcherrima sedes,
Sors melior, nescire et fata et crimina Romæ,
Cui studiosa dapum inventrix, et prodiga mensæ
Luxuries, et copia iners, visuque libido
Obscœna, in tantum nervos animosque resolvit,
Degener ut prorsus morum, fœcundaque culpæ,
Servitii pretiosa emptrix, plebemque patresque
Corrupta, et discors armis, et perdita luxu,
Corruerit victrix orbis, rerumque potita.

O pater! o princeps! nec frustra assuete vocari:
Audi, obtestamur majestatemque fidemque
Virtutemque tuam, nobisque averte malorum
Hanc faciem; ipse adeo procul ambitionis ab œstro,
Ut tibi vix solvi meritos patiaris honores.
Injustis alii reges dominentur in armis,
Quos aut cædis amor, famæve insana cupido
Imperii fines late signare ruina
Impulit, et vacui deserta extendere regni:
Hæ tibi sunt artes, cœlo o! carissime princeps,

High on thy British throne, to mark from far,
And calm the billows of the rising war;
To smooth the frowns on fair Europa's face,
And force reluctant nations to embrace.
As late the jarring winds, with mingled roar,
Struggled to wreck, yet wafted you to shore:
So shall the storm, that threats your peaceful land,
Roll harmless o'er, or burst, where you command.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1728.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Ancient dame, how wide and vast
  To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
  All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
  Frailer and of feebler powers;
We, to narrow bounds confined,
  Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Excelso a solio procul observare procellam
Nascentem, et belli primos compescere fluctus;
Contractam terrore Europæ expandere frontem,
Ducere in amplexum populos, et fœdere gentes
Jungere, et in pacem luctantia cogere regna.
Utque tuam adversi nuper cum murmure venti
Frangere paulisper conati, egere Britannum
Ad portum, et tuto posuere in littore navem:
Sic quæ jam stragem intentat felicibus Anglis
Tempestas, sævitque minis, martemque lacessit,
Te medium belli pacisque ubi senserit, ultro
Innocuos fluctus Britonum devolvet ab oris,
Et frustra inceptas ponet submissior iras.

ANUS SÆCULARIS:

QUÆ JUSTAM CENTUM ANNORUM ÆTATEM, IPSO DIE NATALI, EXPLEVIT ET CLAUSIT, ANNO 1728.

Singularis prodigium o senectæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis!
Cujus annorum series in amplum
Desinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies, en!
Computo quam dispare computamus!
Quam tua a summa procul est remota
Summula nostra!

Death's delicious banquet—we
  Perish even from the womb,
Swifter than a shadow flee,
  Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
  Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some that waste us by degrees,
  Some that suddenly destroy.

And if life o'erleap the bourn
  Common to the sons of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
  Dream, and dote, and drivel then.

Fast as moon can wax and wane,
  Sorrow comes; and, while we groan,
Pant with anguish, and complain,
  Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few (to few 'tis given),
  Lingering on this earthly stage,
Creep and halt with steps uneven
  To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
  Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
  Holding their accustom'd course?

Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,
Nos, simul nati, incipimus perire;
Nos statim a cunis cita destinamur
Præda sepulchro.

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut male pertinacis
Semina morbi.

Sin brevem posset superare vita
Terminum, quicquid superest, vacivum
Illud ignavis superest, et imbe-
cillibus annis.

Detrahunt multum minuuntque sorti
Morbidi questus gemitusque anheli;
Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
Atque dolores.

Siquis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laborioso
Ad tuum, fortasse tuum, moretur
Reptilis ævum;

At videt, mœstum tibi sæpe visum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, et inso-
lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
Ire tenore.

Oft was seen, in ages past,
  All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last;
  Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content,
  Should propitious Heaven design
Life for us as calmly spent,
  Though but half the length of thine.

THE CRICKET.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Nil inest rebus novitatis; id quod
Sæculum præsens videt, illud ipsum
Vidit elapsum prius, et videbit
Omne futurum.

Temporum quicquid variatur, et quod
Uspiam est nugarum et ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt et revolvi
Circulus ævi.

Integram ætatem tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis satis æstimamus,
Si tuam, saltem vacuam querelis,
Dimidiemus.

AD GRILLUM.

ANACREONTICUM.

O qui meæ culinæ
Argutulus choraules,
Et hospes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicitatis omen;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, qua valebo,
Remunerabo musa.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Ev'ry dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing, then—and expend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

Diceris innocensque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,
Ut sorices voraces,
Muresve curiosi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domesticorum,
Sed tutus in camini
Recessibus, quiete
Contentus et calore.

Beatior cicada,
Quæ te referre forma,
Quæ voce te videtur;
Et saltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud secundæ,
Æstatis est chorista:
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus per universum
Incontinenter annum.

Te nulla lux relinquit,
Te nulla nox revisit,
Non musicæ vacantem,
Curisve non solutum:
Quin amplies canendo,
Quin amplies fruendo,
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos homunciones
Absumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Androcles, from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Lybia's desert fled;
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roar'd approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed—arrived within,
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand;
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought;—he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.

MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA PRIMARIA LEX NATURÆ EST.

Per Libyæ Androcles siccas errabat arenas,
  Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul herum.
Lassato tandem, fractoque labore viarum,
  Ad scopuli patuit cæca caverna latus.
Hanc subit; et placidæ dederat vix membra quieti,
  Cum subito immanis rugit ad antra leo:
Ille pedem attollens læsum, et miserabile murmur
  Edens, qua poterat voce, precatur opem.
Perculsus novitate rei, incertusque timore,
  Vix tandem tremulas admovet erro manus:
Et spinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere spina
  Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit.
Continuo dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor;
  Et coit, absterso sanguine, rupta cutis.
Nunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat; et affert
  Providus assiduas hospes ad antra dapes.
Juxta epulis accumbit homo conviva leonis,
  Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.
Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ!
  Vix furor ultoris tristior esset heri.
Devotum certis caput objectare peric'lis,
  Et patrios statuit rursus adire lares.

Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes,—and doom'd to perish on the sands
Of the full theatre, unpitied stands:
When lo! the selfsame lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
He flies:—but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer—pauses on his way,
And, soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment, the assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural: Nature bade him rend
An enemy;—she bids him spare a friend.

Traditur hic, fera facturus spectacula plebi,
  Accipit et miserum tristis arena reum.
Irruit e caveis fors idem impastus, et acer,
  Et medicum attonito suspicit ore leo;
Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes amicum,
  Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.
Quid vero perculsi animis stupuere, Quirites?
  Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides?
Unius naturæ opus est; ea sola furorem
  Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

Cantabrigiæ, in comitiis prioribus, 1716-17.

SOLITUDO REGIA RICHMONDIENSIS.

Siquis uspiam angulus,
Vel in recessu sylvulæ vel horti
Solitudini vacet;
Sit, o! sit illic, hospita sub umbra,
Grata regibus quies.
Sub hac parumper agmen aulicorum
Usque et usque supplicum,
Sub hac molestas gratulationes
Confluentium undique
Refugerint: tum verius beati,
Quando tædium imperî
Semoverint, onusque dignitatis.
Grande quid vel aureum
Conspexeris? nec illud est, nec illud,
Principes quod augeat:
Prudentia sed rite temperatum
Pectus, et sui potens
Augusta mens, felix, abunde felix,
In silentio casæ.
Nec his, superbi quos juvant tumultus,
Invidete cellulam:
Fruantur, æquum est, hac brevi quiete,
Otioque simplici,
Salute qui pro civium laborant.

AD DAVIDEM COOK,

WESTMONASTERII CUSTODEM NOCTURNUM ET VIGILANTISSIMUM, ANNO 1716.

INDICIUM qui sæpe mihi das carmen amoris,
  Reddo tibi indicium carmen amoris ego.
Qui faustum et felix multum mihi mane precaris;
  Dico atque ingemino nunc tibi rursus, ave.
Te neque dinumerat gallus constantius horas,
  Nec magis is certo provocat ore diem.
Cum variis implent tenebræ terroribus orbem,
  Tu comite assuetum cum cane carpis iter.
Nec te, quos seræ emittunt post vina popinæ,
  Nec te, quos lemures plurima vidit anus;
Nec te perterrent, nodoso stipite fretum,
  Subdola qui tacito pectore furta parant.
Sed si cui occurras, prima qui portat ad urbem
  Sub luce, exiguus quas dedit hortus opes,
Hunc placidis dictis, et voce affaris amica;
  Utque dies fausta luce, precaris, eat.
Tinnitu adventum signans, oriantur an astra,
  Narras, an pure lucida luna micet.
Dumque quies nos alta manet, nec frigoris ullus
  Securos, pluviæ nec metus ullus habet;
Tu gelidos inter ventos versaris et imbres,
  Cum mala tempestas, et nigra sævit hiems.

Seu te præsentem vicus, seu viculus, audit;
  Nocturnum multo carmine fallis iter.
Quid si culta minus, docta vacet arte poësis,
  Si simplex versus sit, numerique rudes;
Invidiam somnus (tanta indulgentia noctis)
  Opprimit; et livor, te recitante, silet.
Divorum hyberni menses quotcunque celebrant,
  Cuique locum et versum dat tua musa suum:
Crispino ante omnes; neque enim sine carmine fas est
  Nobile sutorum præteriisse decus.
Nec tua te pietas fieri permiserit unquam
  Cæsaris immemorem Cæsareæque domus.
Officio dominos multo dominasque salutas;
  Gratia nec fidæ sedulitatis abest.
Multa docens juvenes, et pulchras multa puellas,
  Utile tu pueris virginibusque canis:
Conjugium felix monitis utentibus optas,
  Cunctaque quæ castus gaudia lectus habet.
Tu monitor famulis sexus utriusque benignus,
  Munditias illis præcipis, hisce fidem.
Omnibus at votis hoc oras atque peroras,
  Ut dominis cedant prospera quæque tuis.
Unum hoc præ cunctis meminisse hortaris, ut imis
  Summa etiam exæquet mortis amica manus.
Quid tibi pro totidem meritis speremus? amori
  Quisve tuo æqualis retribuatur amor?
Tuque tuusque canis si nos visetis, uterque
  Grati eritis nobis, tuque tuusque canis.

Mille domos adeas, et non ignobile munus
  (Nulla minus solido) dent tibi mille domus;
Quemque bonum exoptas nobis, lætumque Decembrem,
  Esto tibi pariter lætus, et esto bonus.

IN OBITUM ROUSSÆI,

COLLEGIO TRINITATIS SERVI A CUBICULIS, ANNO 1721.

Alme Charon, (nam tandem omnes, qui nascimur et qui
  Nascemur, tua nos cymba aliquando manet,)
Per ripas fer circum oculos, omnesque recense
  Manes, ad Stygias qui glomerantur aquas;
Prospice, si crassam fors exploraveris umbram,
  Non est in toto crassior umbra loco.
Luctantem cernes, animasque hinc inde minores
  Turbantem, ut cubito pandat utroque viam.
Squalidus et pinguis totus, tibi navita dextram
  Tendet, ad Elysii trajiciendus agros.
Dum vixit, Roussæus erat, nostri accola Cami,
  Quem puerum novit, novit et unda senem.
Navita non illo melior fuit; esset agenda
  Seu remis, conto seu subigenda, ratis.

Nec quisquam ex humero contorsit rete sinistro.
Certius incautis piscibus exitium.
Quid tamen hæc memoro, Camus cum perfidus idem
Roussæum inviso merserit amne suum!
Hunc nostro ut reddas cœlo, te carmine multo,
Alme Charon, Grantæ mœsta juventa petit.
Sin Parcæ prohibent, et inexorabilis orci,
Quem petimus, reditum lex inimica vetat:
Hoc saltem concede; admota ad littora cymba,
Per Stygium nautam transvehe, nauta, lacum.
Nec poscas naulum; loculos nam vivus inanes
Gessit, et haud obolum, quem tibi solvat, habet.
Quod si tam crebras transmittere te piget umbras,
Et longum refugis, portitor unus, opus:
Accipe divisi socium comitemque laboris;
Divisus levior fiet utrique labor.
Adde quod (ut similes estis) dubitabitur, utrum
Roussæus geminus sit, geminusve Charon.

EPITAPHIUM IN CANEM.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,

Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, qua prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amice
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senecta,
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque
Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

EPITAPHIUM IN CANEM.

Qui observantiam et fidem,
Ubicunque spectentur,
Amare non dedignaris,
Phyllidi, cani obsequentissimæ,
Per undecim annorum spatium
Hero in venatibus et terra et aqua
Comiti et adjutrici sagacissimæ,
Vix hanc invidebis urnam;
Herilis utpote gratitudinis
Inusitatius fortasse, sed condonabile, testimonium.

AD JOHANNEM PERKINS,

ASTROLOGUM CANTABRIGIENSEM.

Lusit, amabiliter lusit Fortuna jocosa,
Et tunc, siquando, tunc oculata fuit;
Cum tibi, Johannes, Newtoni * sternere lectum;
Cum tibi museum verrere diva dedit.
Nam dum ille intentus studiis cœlestibus hæsit,
Concipiens ambos mente capace polos;

* Isaaci Newton, eq. aur. cujus fama longiori annotatione non eget.

Quanta cum stellis stellæ, cumque orbibus orbes,
  Harmonia servent, quoque tenore, vices:
Impete quo cursum acceleret per inane cometes,
  Urgeat ut rapidam præcipitetque fugam:
Hæc ille expendens animo, dum schemata docta
  Format, et ad numeros grande reducit opus;
Tu quoque cognatus stellis, Martique Jovique,
  Mercurio et Veneri, non rudis hospes eras:
Tuque genethliacas solers quadrare tabellas,
  Felix natalis necne sit hora, doces;
Quo junctum affectu fuerit cum sidere sidus,
  Quo, legis, aspectu res hominesque regat.
Tuque etiam, interpres fatorum, et nuncius astris,
  Callidus æthereas es reserare domos.
Quem meritis fortuna tuis indulsit honorem,
  O adeo illustri digne minister hero!
Quis non invideat frater tibi muneris illud?
  Quis tua non laudet sidera φιλομαθής?
Cum musis musæ famulantur, et artibus artes,
  Majori (ut fas est) obsequiosa minor;
Nec melior lex est, nec convenientior æquo,
  Quam siet astronomo servus ut astrologus.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

In this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline,—what a wonder is she!
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
Nor wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
Her forehead indeed is her circled around
With locks like the ribbon with which they are bound;
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here;
Yet all is express'd with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple or freckle conceal'd from the view.
Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For labours of art, to the spectacle haste.
The youths all agree, that, would old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire;
And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
O wonderful woman! as placid as thine.

DENNERI ANUS.*

Doctum anus artificem, juste celebrata, fatetur,
  Denneri pinxit quam studiosa manus.
Nec stupor est oculis, fronti nec ruga severa;
  Flaccida nec sulcis pendet utrinque gena.
Nil habet illepidum, morosum, aut triste tabella;
  Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
Apparent nivei vittæ sub margine cani,
  Fila colorati qualia Seres habent.
Lanugo mentum, sed quæ tenuissima, vestit;
  Mollisque, et qualis Persica mala tegit.
Nulla vel e minimis fugiunt spiracula visum;
  At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit usquam,
  Quosque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.
Adveniunt juvenes; et, anus si possit amari,
  Dennere, agnoscunt hoc meruisse tuam.
Adveniunt hilares nymphæ; similemque senectam,
  Tam pulchram et placidam dent sibi fata, rogant.
Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
  Quod nihil horrendum ridiculumve vident.

* Diu publico fuit spectaculo egrægia hæc tabula, in area palatina exteriori, juxta fanum Westmonasteriense.

Strange magic of art! which the youth can engage
To peruse, half enamour'd, the features of age;
And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she, when as old, shall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd.

AGENS ET PATIENS SUNT SIMUL.

Duxit Acon Leonillam; haud una atque altera luna
  Interiit, male cum se nova nupta tulit:
Os pallet, languent oculi, stomachoque fit ista
  Nausea, quæ gravidas denotat esse nurus.
Esto fides dictis; eadem quoque nausea Aconti est,
  Pallidus est pariter vultus, ocellus hebes.
Nutrix, sedula anus, fomenta utrique ministrat,
  Cardiacum uxori, cardiacumque viro.
Quis novus hic, nutrix, morbus? socii unde dolores?
  Quave sumus gravidi conditione viri?
Nutrix, callida anus, fuit, inquit, utrique voluptas;
  Æqua satis lex est, ut sit utrique dolor.

Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus;
Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur anus!
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cum nec Apelli
Majorem famam det Cytherea suo!

IDEM AGIT IDEM.

Felicula ad speculum saltu lascivit herile,
Lascivam saltu feliculamque videt.
Nigra videt nigram; bicolor naso, bicolorem;
Glaucaque torquentem lumina, glauca tuens.
Et sociam ad lusus lentæ incurvamine caudæ
Provocat, et lepidi mobilitate pedis.
Utraque utramque lacessit, et utraque palpat utramque;
Et molle oppositos explicat unguiculos.
Jam tumet in tergum, et simulatas expuit iras;
Et tumet, et similes expuit umbra minas.
Quænam hæc sit, mima unde sui tam mimica, quærit
Felis, an in speculo, post speculumne, siet.
Te quoque, præsentem præsens, quam quæris, et illa
Quærit, an in speculo, post speculumne, sies.
Alterutra alterutram quæritque et decipit; idque
Feliculæ facitis, quod facis una, duæ.

SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE.

Cristatus, pictisque ad Thaida psittacus alis,
  Missus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
  Archididascaliæ dat sibi Thais opus.
Psittace, ait Thais, fingitque sonantia molle
  Basia, quæ docilis molle refingit avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat tyrunculus; et jam
  Integrat auditos articulatque sonos.
Psittace mi pulcher pulchelle, hera dicit alumno;
  Psittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, deciesque ægrotat in hora,
  Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque suo.
Multaque scurratur mendax, et multa jocatur,
  Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudit fratrem, qui suspicit, et pol!
  Carnalis, quisquis te docet, inquit, homo est;
Argutæ nunc stridet anus argutulus instar;
  Respicit, et nebulo es, quisquis es, inquit anus.
Quando fuit melior tyro, meliorve magistra!
  Quando duo ingeniis tam coiere pares!
Ardua discenti nulla est, res nulla docenti
  Ardua; cum doceat fœmina, discat avis.

THE PARROT.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

In painted plumes superbly dress'd,
A native of the gorgeous east,
  By many a billow toss'd,
Poll gains at length the British shore,
Part of the captain's precious store,
  A present to his toast.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd,
To teach him now and then a word,
  As Poll can master it;
But 'tis her own important charge,
To qualify him more at large,
  And make him quite a wit.

Sweet Poll! his doting mistress cries,
Sweet Poll! the mimic bird replies,
  And calls aloud for sack.
She next instructs him in the kiss;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,
  And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears;
And, list'ning close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound;
But soon articulates aloud,
Much to th' amusement of the crowd,
And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
His humorous talent next employs;
He scolds, and gives the lie.
And now he sings, and now is sick,
Here, Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is like to die!

Belinda and her bird! 'tis rare
To meet with such a well-match'd pair;
The language and the tone,
Each character in every part
Sustain'd with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.

ITER PER TAMISIN.

Urbem cum volui, crassumque relinquere fumum,
Plaustrorumque vagos strepitus currusque crepantes;
Nunc vocem stridentis anus, nunc murmura rauca
Audire invitus fusæ per compita turbæ,
Quam miser emittit vates et sordida musa;
Ad littus descendi et amœni Tamisis undas;
Ut possem recreare animum, placidoque recessu
Et virides campos et dulcia visere rura.
At nautæ venientem ubi me videre sagaces,
Sese disponunt, omnes clamare parati.
Et jam protensis manibus diversa loquuntur,
Jamque vices rediisse suas, cinguntque tacentem.
Nutu signa dedi; accepto decurrere signo
Festinat quidam, et cymbam velociter infert
Præcipiti prora, reliquasque hinc inde jacentes
Proturbans, aperit cursus aditumque patentem.
Interea dives pingui cum conjuge civis,
Visendi pariter captus dulcedine ruris,
Advenit, et puppim mecum conscendit eandem.
Portitor, ut mulier navem conscendit, amicam
Præbebat dextram, et gressus firmabat iniquos.
Sæpe quidem voluit causas finxisse morandi,
Expectans alium, si fors descenderet ullus,

Quem veheret, sed sæpe suum detrudere jussus
Navigium, littus tandem terrasque relinquit.
Hic, antique pater fluvii, tibi grata camœna
Si tenuis, placidus cœptis juvenilibus adsis,
Et cymbæ nostrosque idem tu dirige cursus.
Jamque parat validis incumbere navita remis,
Et genibus nostris vestes imponere curat,
Exutus curtam tunicam, cui mannica læva
Argento gravis, atque extantibus aspera signis.
His ita dispositis, tubulum cum pyxide magna
Depromit, nigrum longus quem fecerat usus.
Hunc postquam implêrat pæto, silicemque parârat,
Excussit scintillam; ubi copia ponitur atri
Fomitis, hinc ignem sibi multum exugit, et haustu
Accendens crebro, surgentes deprimit herbas
Extremo digito: in cineres albescere pætum
Incipit, et naso gratos emittit odores.
Tum remex puppim, medius qua fluminis alveus,
Dirigit, et prono velox delabitur amne.
Jamque illic sumus admoti, qua causidicorum
Stat senis ad Tami flumen celeberrima nutrix.
Hic juvenes rixarum et diræ litis amantes
Discunt clamare, hic venalia fundere verba,
Sumptibus hic et mille moris vexare clientes.
Ex parte adversa mediis domus innatat undis,
Infamis domus, infami de nomine dicta.
Hinc ubi provehimur, pulchræ vestigia sedis,
Tristes reliquias ignis, spoliumque videmus
Flammarum; vel adhuc murorum in fragmine prisci

Magnifica apparent operis monumenta, domusque
Majestas antiqua, ipsis veneranda ruinis.
Nec procul hinc excelsæ arces, spatiosaque sese
Atria justitiæ tollunt, ubi fronte severa
Assidet, et dextra tenet æquam Astrea bilancem.
Tecta super triplex surgit qua cuspis in auras,
Hic caput effossum tumulo fixere rebellis
Cromwelli; indicium sceleris non prorsus inulti,
At nimium seræ tanto pro crimine pœnæ.
Has præterlapsi sedes advertimur illic
Quo coeunt proceres, ut curam impendere possint,
Et patriæ populisque, et res componere regni.
Nobile stat juxta Fanum, structura columnis
Ardua, principibus cinerum fidissima custos:
Hic nostri accipiunt reges, ponuntque coronam.
Jamque domus celeri motu discedere visæ
Lambethique ædes, palatia præsule digna:
Et canam abscondunt urbem subeuntia prata.
Paulatim fugiunt turres, summique videntur
Diminui templorum apices; manet unica Pauli
Et longe effulget reliquis conspectior ædes.
Hinc tardæ patiens operæ, nec tædia damnans,
Piscator solus summa consistere ripa
Cernitur, intentus studio si prendere possit
Pisciculum, vel forte vagam si fallere prædam:
Nec lepidos risus aut improba scommata curat,
Sed salibus respondet, et ipse aliquando jocosus.
Occurrunt, seque alterno clamore salutant
Nautæ; nec raro noster mordacia remex,

Si forte offendat quenquam, convicia spargit,
Infensus semper miseris sartoribus hostis :
Dum coeant in fictæ omnes certamina rixæ,
Obscœnæque sonent lites, pravique cachinni,
Fœmineæ vocesque, et natæ in jurgia linguæ.
Plurima tum nobis (nam norât plurima) narrat
Navita, præteritos gaudens memorare labores :
Quot mala pertulerat juvenis, quam sæpe inimico
Naufragio periturus erat; quæ tristia vota
Exanimis, quas sæpe preces emiserat olim,
Cum nigra tempestas, et dira mari incubuit nox.
Quem Martis terrorem et quæ discrimina belli;
Quas præsens quondam pugnas, quæ viderat arma!
Sed tum præcipue, recolens, cum Belgica classis
Puppibus effugit laceris : quam fortiter Angli
Pugnabant animosi, et certe fortiter, inquit,
Si Britones unquam fortes, pugnavimus Angli.
Hæc repetens patriæ dulcique incensus amore
Arsit, et agnovit veteres in pectore flammas.
Interea exhalat sinuosum in nubila fumum,
Et canæ ascendunt verba inter singula nubes :
Sic tubulo fallit, fallit sermone laborem.
Prospicit hinc, oculosque vagos fert omnia circum,
Errantem si forte aliquem prope littora vidit,
Exclamans; sed sæpe sonum fert ventus inanem.
Dum flexus crebros curvi superavimus amnis,
Chelseiæ apparent apices, poteratque videri
Regale hospitium : veterani hic otia grata
Exercent tuti, et secura in pace senescunt.

Mox ubi nuda pedes et non improvida turba
Dispersum in mediis carbonem colligit undis,
Cœperunt fluctus salientem attollere proram;
Naufragio infamis locus hic undaque furente.
Arboreum tandem lucum sylvamque videmus
Ordinibus celebrem variis, ubi densior ilex
Occursu viridi nimios defendere soles
Rite queat, junctas ramis sociantibus umbras.
Hæc sedes olim sævis male nota duellis:
Nec tantas nôstis diffuso sanguine cædes
Vos, campi, domus est qua Montacuta, patentes.
Læsus honor siquando fremens opprobria ferre
Nesciat, aut furiosi animi implacabilis ardor.
Confestim ultricis poscat certamina pugnæ
Impatiens, solumque velit sibi damna rependi
Martis ad arbitrium: sed nec pugnacibus aptæ
Hæ tantum, aut lethi solis horroribus umbræ
Insignes; epulas, queis sunt convivia curæ,
Nocturnas huc sæpe ferunt; huc sæpe per undas
Delapsi placidas, venti cum ponitur ira,
Harmonia oblectant Tamum, nymphasque sequaces,
Advecti tacitæ per conscia lumina lunæ.

FANATICUS.

Conscendit primum tremulus cum pulpita frater,
Stat tacitus, multumque screans, ut vocis apertum
Pandat iter, geminas, positis prope dactylothecis,
Ad cœlum attollit palmas; tum lumina claudens
Dat gemitum, secumque diu submurmurat intus.
Vox tandem erumpit; deinde altera, et altera deinde:
At lento passu, gemitu prius interjecto.
Mox animos sensim revocans, residemque furorem,
Vim dictis paulatim addit; jam subsilit, et jam
Stans pede suspenso, tentat quid possit anheli
Pulmonis, laterumque labor: per tempora rivis
It salsus sudor; tandem fanatica surgit
Tempestas, totasque quatit clamoribus ædes.
  Haud aliter leni nutantes flamine ramos
Insurgens agitat Boreas, tremulasque susurrat
Per frondes; mox buccam utramque animosior inflat,
Et validos quassat celso cum vertice truncos:
Post, ubi collectæ vires, majorque tumultus
Per totam auditur sylvam, ab radicibus imis
Sternit humi antiquas quercus, rapidamque procellam
Agglomerat, lataque implet nemus omne ruina.

THE FANATIC.

When first to speak uprises Simon Pure,
Silent he stands, with countenance demure;
He coughs, he spits, with many a hawk and hem,
To clear a way for words, and utter them:
His gloves beside him on the pulpit lie,
His two broad hands to heav'n are lifted high;
With eyelids shut he groans, for, closely pent,
The murm'ring spirit struggles for a vent;
At length a voice breaks out beneath his hat,
Another, and another after that:
But fair and soft, with frequent pauses mixt,
And many a sigh, and many a groan betwixt;
Till by degrees he fans, with zealot ire,
The dormant coals of Puritanic fire.
Anon, he starts, he bounds, on tiptoe stands,
Roars with his voice, and hammers with his hands;
The strength of lungs he tries, he pants, he blows,
And down his cheeks the sweat profusely flows:
To ev'ry soul he threatens instant doom,
And a fanatic tempest shakes the room.
So rising Boreas first, with lenient breeze,
Fans the light leaves, and murmurs thro' the trees;
His cheeks inflated soon a tempest blow,
Shake their full tops above, their trunks below:

His gathering strength a dreary ruin spreads,
And stubborn oaks bend low their hoary heads:
His boist'rous blasts the beauteous grove deform,
And dire destruction waits upon the storm.

NOVARCA.

Pacis amans Carolus regale excudit in auro
  Votum, quam populi sit sibi cara salus.
Omnia concordi spondet felicia regno,
  Unitæ ut crescant, et geminentur opes.
Frustra! inimica piis obstat discordia votis,
  Irarum et multæ cladis iniqua parens.
Informis, pauper, lamellaque ahenea, rerum,
  Indicat, ut facies mœsta sit, ut sit inops.
Pro Caroli titulis, pro vultu et imagine sacra,
  Unica stat mœstis nuda Novarca notis.
Fatale exemplum! Caroli quod vota docere,
  Anglia quod nequiit salva, Novarca, doces.

AD HEEMSKIRKUM.

FESTIVI ingenii multique, Heemskirke, leporis!
Pictorum princeps Batavorum! ut teque tuosque
Mirari juvat, et risu laudare labores!
Tu modo, tu veniam conanti indulseris æquam,
Binas e multis, si fors imitamine possit,
Transferre in chartam tentat mea musa tabellas.
  Prima casam agrestem, fixumque in pariete carmen
Describit, solidosque duos et quatuor asses,
Hesterni pretium potus. Hic civis obesus
Spectatur Belga, a lepido cui vertice nutat
Pileus in lævam suspensus, et amphora totum
Ostendit nudata sinum ventremque capacem.
Obtutu stupet ille inhians, vultuque fatente
Mœrorem, aut quassat caput, aut quassare videtur:
Frustra inhiat, frustra solitos desiderat haustus!
Horrendum vacuum, atque ingens est intus inane.
Stat bonus a socii tergo compotor, et imum
Vas caute explorat, tetroque inamabilis ore
Et vacuam deflet testam, vacuamque crumenam.
  Scamno interposito binos habet altera nautas,
Pictis conantes chartis quid possit uterque.

Cernere depositum est utriusque in pignora nummos,
Vincenti pretium palmæ: duadem alter, et alter
Fatalem ostendit triadem, palmamque requirit.
Ille indignatur vinci, morsuque labella
Compressans, horretque comis, mensæque ferocem
Impingit pugnum, damnans chartasque deosque.
Improbus interea victor subridet ineptum,
Et miserum illudit victum, fruiturque triumpho.
Innixus cubito, juxta caput interponit
Naris homo emunctæ, bene qui totam subolet rem,
Fortunæ calletque vices, vultuque loquaci
Sic tristem hortatur socium: Quando, inquit, amice,
Sese ita res habeat, frustra emendare querendo
Fortunam speras, inimicaque fata lacessis:
Ira nocet nimiique animi, namque acrius æquo
Adversam fortunam urges, nimioque furore
Spem luges deceptam: at tu, me judice, rebus
Nec dubiis diffide nimis, nec crede secundis.

HOBSONI LEX.

Complures (ita, Granta, refers) Hobsonus alebat
In stabulo longo, quos locitaret, equos:
Hac lege, ut foribus staret qui proximus, ille
Susciperet primas, solus et ille, vices.

Aut hunc, aut nullum—sua pars sit cuique laboris;
  Aut hunc, aut nullum—sit sua cuique quies.
Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda togato;
  Proximus hic foribus, proximus esto viæ.
Optio tam prudens cur non huc usque retenta est?
  Tam bona cur unquam lex abolenda fuit?
Hobsoni veterem normam revocare memento;
  Tuque iterum Hobsoni, Granta, videbis equos.

PIETAS RUBECULÆ.

Quæ tibi regalis dederant diadematis aurum,
  Dant et funereum fana, Maria, tholum.
Quisque suis vicibus, mœsto stant ordine flentes;
  Oreque velato fœmina triste silet.
Parva avis interea, residens in vertice summo,
  Emittit tremula lugubre voce melos.
Vespera nec claudit, nec lucem Aurora recludit,
  Quin eadem repetat funebre carmen avis.
Tale nihil dederint vel mausolea; Mariæ
  Hæc pietas soli debita vera fuit.
Venales lacrymæ, jussique facessite fletus;
  Sumptibus hic nullis luctus emendus erat.

THE CANTAB.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

WITH two spurs, or one—and no great matter which—
Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings, or less, for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand:—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally, for better or worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather,
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither.
Through the fields and the towns (see!) he scampers along,
And is look'd at and laugh'd by old and by young;
Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
In a waggon, or chaise, shall he finish his route?
Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you,
The advice that I give I have proved to be true:
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

EQUES ACADEMICUS.

Calcari instruitur Juvenis; geminove vel uno,
  Haud multum, aut ocreis cujus, et unde, refert;
Fors fortasse suo, fortasse aliunde, flagello;
  Quantulacunque sui, pars tamen ipse sui.
Sic rite armatus, quinis (et forte minoris)
  Conductum solidis scandere gestit equum.
Lætus et impavidus, (qua fert fortuna, volantem
  Cernite) quadrupedem pungit, et urget iter.
Admisso cursu, per rura, per oppida, fertur:
  Adlatrant catuli, multaque ridet anus.
Jamque ferox plagis, erecta ad verbera dextra,
  Calce cruentato lassat utrumque latus.
Impete sed tanto vixdum confecerit ille
  Millia propositæ sexve, novemve, viæ;
Viribus absumptis, fessusque labore, caballus
  Sternit in immundum seque equitemque lutum.
Vectus iter peraget curru plaustrove viator?
  Proh pudor et facinus! cogitur ire pedes.
Si, nec inexpertum, seniorem junior audis,
  Quæ sint exiguæ commoda disce moræ.
Quam tibi præcipio, brevis est sed regula certa:
  Ocyus ut possis pergere, lentus eas.

THE THRACIAN.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Thracian parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But, with undissembled mirth,
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome, with scorn,
" O the savages!" exclaim,
" Whether they rejoice or mourn,
" Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern,
And this pleasure, would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

THRAX.

THREICIUM infantem, cum lucem intravit et auras,
  Fletibus excepit mœstus uterque parens.
Threicium infantem, cum luce exivit et auris,
  Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea, tu, Roma, et tu tibi, Græcia, plaudens,
  Dicitis, Hæc vera est Thraïca barbaries.
Lætitiæ causam, causamque exquirite luctus;
  Vosque est quod doceat Thraïca barbaries.

LACHRYMÆ PICTORIS.

INFANTEM audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles
  Intempestivo fato obiisse diem.
Ille, licet tristi perculsus imagine mortis,
  Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet.
Et calamum, et succos poscens, "Hos accipe luctus,
  Mœrorem hunc," dixit, "nate parentis habe."
Dixit; et, ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos;
  Officio pariter fidus utrique pater:
Frontemque, et crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans
  Oscula, adumbravit lugubre pictor opus.

Perge, parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;
  Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.

Vidit adhuc molles genitor super oscula risus;
  Vidit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis:
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,
  Et tacitos risus transtulit in tabulam.
Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem;
  Filioli longum vivet imago tui:
Vivet, et æterna vives tu laude; nec arte
  Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Apelles, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush,—his colours spread:
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow,)
"This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow-pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips, he drew,—not livid yet;
And shaded that which he had done
To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!
Thy melancholy task fulfil!
It needs the last, last touches still.
Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies;
And still his cheek unfaded shows

The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful of the finished whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.
  Now, painter, cease! thy task is done,
Long lives this image of thy son;
Nor short-lived shall thy glory prove,
Or of thy labour or thy love.

VERULAMIUM.

Qua juxta Albani divique et martyris ædes
  Humphredo servat de duce quod superest;
Urbs stabat, quondam insignis; nunc arva segesque,
  Abdita nunc ipso, mersa, sepulta solo.
Quo jam murorum turrita superbia cessit!
  Quid sibi jam reliquum, quid nisi nomen, habet!
Nil nisi nomen habet—sed et omni illustrius urbe,
  Nullaque quo major gloria, nomen habet.
Restat adhuc, restabit adhuc per sæcula longa,
  Nomine Baconi nobilitata sui:
Quæ, cum desierit Verulamius ille vocari,
  Nil nisi nunc nomen, tunc neque nomen erit.

IN EFFIGIEM

DOMINÆ CATHARINÆ HYDE.

Knelleri egregios vidit Cytherea * labores,
Nympharum varios habitus, vultusque venustos,
Quis frontis divinus honos, quæ gratia cuique
Dissimilis, formæque suæ bene conscia diva,
"Sic ego" † (monstravitque manu) "sic ora ferebam,
Inquit, in Idæo referens certamine pomum.
Me mihi,‡ si memini, talem pellucidus amnis,
Me talem exhibuit speculum. Sic me § quoque pulchram,
Nativo exortam fluctu cum pinxit, et udos
Siccantem in ripa crines, descripsit Apelles;
Sic nivea ornârunt fusi mea colla capilli.
Ploravi ‖ viduata meum sic, inquit, Adonin,
Et tales gessi vultus mœrore decoros."
At cum conspexit Miram,¶ cui dulcis in ore
Majestas, blandisque nitor suffusus ocellis,
Constitit, obtutuque hærens, "Formosior," inquit,
"Aut hæc est nobis, aut nos male pinxit Apelles."

* Intellige imagines quasdam a G. Kneller, Bar. depictas.
† Hon. Dom. Sherrard.
‡ Comitissam de Sunderland.
§ Com. de Ranelagh.
‖ Com. de Salisbury.
¶ Dom. Cath. Hyde.

AD RICHARDUM LAMB,

NEC' S.T.P. NEC M.D. NEC LL.D. NEQUE DOCTOREM IN MUSICA; SED, EX USU UT CONSTAT VULGATO, DOCTOREM:

EPISTOLA FAMILIARIS.

Qui doctis aliquot studiis impenderit annos,
Hunc Granta exornat, vel Rhedycina gradu.
Quisquis et egregiam meditando invenerit artem,
Ille sit, (et fas est,) doctor in arte sua.
Hoc tibi debetur; quanquam nihil addere famæ
Nomina vel possunt magna, gradusve, tuæ.
Hoc tibi debetur; quod te nec doctior alter
Ungues vel manuum, vel resecare pedum.
Nec magis est præsens opifer, cum Cynthia crescat;
Et, cum decrescat Cynthia, nemo magis.
Ne manus armetur rabie, tua maxima cura est;
Longus, quod rabiem colligat, unguis habet:
Proxima, mundities; ut sint sine sordibus ungues;
Longus, quod sordes contrahat, unguis alit.
Pulchra (quod adde) manus citharam decorabit eburnam;
Nec tenuem interdum dedecorabit acum.
Sive quid excrescat pedibus, pluviam unde futuram,
Unde vices cœli præscia discit anus;

Seu durum excruciet tuber, seu mollius urat,
  Dat tuus extemplo culter amicus opem.
Saltibus hinc habiles matronæ, habilesque puellæ;
  Cum poscant larvas tempora, cumque choros.
Doctor ab his ideo vocitare, et doctor ab illis:
  Moribus id, studiis, ingenioque datur.
Sin meritis Rhedycina tuis, sin invida Granta
  Hunc titulum juris dixerit esse sui;
Si tua noluerint augeri nomina binis
  Saltem literulis, literulisve tribus;
Augeri nequeunt: nam te tua fama sequetur;
  Qui (quod nulla vetet lex) OPERATOR eris.

RECONCILIATRIX.

CRESCENTES laudes natura inviderat arti;
  Et sibi rivalem nescia ferre parem;
Divinam effinxit nympham, et formam addidit ori,
  Cui Cypriæ posset cedere forma deæ.
Hanc videt ars, vincique dolet; doctosque resumens
  Knelleri calamos, æmula tentat opus:
Depingit suavesque genas, mollesque capillos,
  Et colla intacta candidiora nive.
Virginei rubor idem, eademque est gratia vultus;
  Et similis roseo spirat in ore decor.

Hinc nec certamen vult illa iterare, vel illa :
Contenta et felix utraque laude sua.
Gloria naturæ atque artis, componere tantas
Quæ potuit lites unica, Mira* fuit.

ODE

MAGISTRI GULIELMI SHAKESPEAR,

VERSIONE LATINA DONATA.

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem
Umbrosa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cum secum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas,
Adventum expectans sedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub salicis sedit ramis, ubi sæpe solebat
Procumbens fastum deposuisse puer.
Æstus erat gravis ; at gravior sub pectore divæ
Qui fuit, et longe sævior, æstus erat.
Mox puer advenit, posuitque a corpore vestem,
Tam prope vix Venerem delituisse ratus :
Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis insiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum, fraudemque superbam
Ut videt, his mœstis ingemit illa modis :
Cur, ex æquoreæ spuma cum nascerer undæ,
Non ipsa, o inquit, Jupiter ! unda fui !

* Vide page 165.

IN POSTHUMAM EFFIGIEM

JOHANNIS FERMOR, ARM.

AD PRÆCEPTA DOM. HENRICI FERMOR, BARONETTI, SUMMA CUM FIDE DELINEATAM.

DEFUNCTI effigiem fratris mandare tabellæ
  Frater, et in vitam vult revocare novam.
Sed quænam absentes vultus describet arundo?
  Quis referet succis ora sepulta labor?
Hæc ora, hos vultus memori sub pectore frater,
  (Sume, opifex, calamum) quos tibi dictet, habet.
Dictanti attentus pictor, peramabile transfert
  Paulatim, ex animo præcipientis, opus.
Jam propior simili propiorque alludere forma
  Incipit, et jussas exprimit umbra notas;
Jam noti arrident vultus, et frontis apertæ
  Candida simplicitas, et generosa fides:
Jam coram, et præsens, ipsissima vivit imago;
  Oh! quantum pietas ingeniosa potest!
Noli ultra sævos, mors o, jactare triumphos;
  Cætera qui vincit, te quoque vincit Amor.

SCHOLA RHETORICES.

Londini ad pontem, Billingi nomine porta est,
  Unde ferunt virides ostrea Nereides.
Hic sibi perpetuam legit facundia sedem;
  Nec modus hic verbis, neve figura deest.
Sermonem densis oratrix floribus ornat,
  Et fundit varios, ingeminatque, tropos.
Et nervi, et veneres, et vis, et copia fandi
  Insunt; et justum singula pondus habent.
O sedes, totidem multum celebrata per annos!
  Omne tibi rostrum cedit, et omne forum.
Utraque, quos malit, titulos academia jactet:
  At tibi Linguarum Janua nomen erit.

CANIS ET ECHO.

Puris in cœlo radiis argentea Luna
  In Tamisis tremula luce refulsit aquis.
Improbus hoc vidit catulus, ringensque malignum
  Solvit in indignos ora proterva modos:
Lunamque in cœlo, lunamque aggressus in undis,
  In sidus pariter sævus utrumque furit.
Sub ripis latuit fors ulterioribus echo,
  Audiit et vanas ludicra nympha minas:
Audiit; et rabie rabiem lepidissima vindex
  Ulcisci statuit, parque referre pari.
Ille repercussæ deceptus imagine vocis,
  Irarum impatiens jam magis, estque magis.
Reddere latratus pergit latratibus echo;
  Quemque canis statuit, servat imago modum.
Tandem ubi lassatæ fauces, et spiritus, et vox;
  Defervet rabies tota, siletque canis.
Et poterat siluisse prius; furor omnis ineptus,
  Omnisque in sese futilis ira redit.

CRURA ADSCITITIA.

Hanc puer (et pueri mentem quoque gloria tangit)
  Artem habet, ut sese tollere possit humo :
Selecta ex baculis duo ligna abiegna requirit,
  Quatuor ad spatium plusve minusve pedum.
His etiam, ut melius vestigia firmet, equino
  De corio affigit fortia lora duo.
Quæ postquam clavis supra devinxit et infra,
  Ipse suum scandit, quod fabricavit, opus :
Cautoque incedit, prima ad tentamina, gressu,
  Et nova cum multo crura tremore movet.
Mox ubi se didicit libramine pendere justo,
  Hinc inde intrepidos fertque refertque gradus.
Saxa per et plateas largis vult passibus ire ;
  Qua via per medium, qua via nulla, lutum.
Cum subito (audentes fortuna nec usque juvabit
  Prospera) in immundam præcipitatur humum.
Quid faciat patris metuens, metuensque magistri !
  Quo fugiat tunicas squalidus, ora, manus !
Quin iterum ascendat, magnis licet excidat ausis ;
  Si male nunc fuerit, non male semper erit.
Altius in cœlum valido pila surgit ab ictu ;
  Gaudet et a plagis ocyus ire trochus.
In geminis didicit quicunque incedere lignis,
  Cruribus hic poterit tutius ire suis.

IN FENESTRAM SEPTENTRIONALEM FANI WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

" ——Renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre."

Antiquam Petri quæ pulchre illuminat ædem,
Artificem agnoscit picta fenestra manum.
Circulus illustris summa splendescit in ora,
Divus apostolici, cum duce, quisque chori.
Cœlestes intus facies, vultusque videntur
Aligeri: in medio biblia sacra patent.
Quam bene miscentur, sua per loca quisque, colores!
Quam bene cæruleum, purpureumque decus!
Quam lumen solenne, et quam venerabilis umbra!
Spectantem ut recreat lumen! ut umbra juvat!
Quæ pæne interiit longos pictura per annos,
Illuxit bibulo jam rediviva vitro:
Jamque recens iterum, jam nostra ætate revixit
Clarius, antiquæ laudis et artis opus.

ALEXANDER ET XERXES.

Flet Macedo, sibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil superesse suis:
Flet Xerxes, quod nemo suis de millibus, ætas
Proxima cum veniet, nemo superstes erit.
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lacrymas: ego laudo dolorem
Humanum; et tecum, Persa, dolere volo.

THE CAUSE WON.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Two neighbours furiously dispute,
A field the subject of the suit:
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell who covets most
The price—at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell: words still suffice:
No single word but has its price;
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increased expense.
Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim,
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

PLUS SCIRE OPORTET, QUAM LOQUI.

Quæ gravitas oculis! et quæ constantia fronti!
Sobrius ut toto pectore bubo sapit!
Ales Pythagora dignus, dignusque Minerva!
Sermonis parcus, consiliique tenax!
Oh habitet tecum, bubo, et sit pectore in isto,
Quicquid habes: quoties effluet, omen erit.

VICTORIA FORENSIS.

C .io cum Titio lis et vexatio longa
   Sunt de vicini proprietate soli.
'Protinus ingentes animos in jurgia sumunt
   Utraque vincendi pars studiosa nimis.
Lis tumet in schedulas, et jam verbosior, et jam :
   Nec verbum quodvis asse minoris emunt.
Prætereunt menses, et terminus alter et alter ;
   Quisque novos sumptus, alter et alter, habent.
Ille querens, hic respondens pendente vocatur
   Lite ; sed, ad finem litis, uterque querens.

CERTAMEN MUSICUM.

Octo trans Tamisin campanis diva Maria ;
   Cis Tamisin bis sex diva Brigetta sonat.
Hæc tenues urget modulos properantius ædes,
   Alternat grandes lentius illa modos.
Nec quis in alterutro distinguat littore judex,
   An magis hæc aurem captet, an illa magis.
Tantæ est harmoniæ contentio musica ; turris
   Altera cum numeros, altera pondus habet.

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

The shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet Philomel
Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
With all the force that passion gives, inspired,
Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength and skill prevail'd. O fatal strife!
By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
And, O sad victory! which cost thy life,
And he may wish that he had never won!

STRADÆ PHILOMELA.

Pastorem audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos;
Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
Argutum fida reddere voce melos.
Pastor inassuetus rivalem ferre, misellam
Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem.
Tuque etiam in modulos surgis, Philomela; sed impar
Viribus, heu impar, exanimisque cadis.
Durum certamen! tristis victoria! cantum
Maluerit pastor non superâsse tuum.

PYRAMIS.

Pyramidum sumptus, ad cœlum et sidera ducti,
Quid dignum tanta mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, nisi nigrum informe cadaver;
Durata in saxum est cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur monumentum in jugera tota!
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumque labor!
Integra sit morum tibi vita; hæc pyramis esto:
Et poterunt tumulo sex satis esse pedes.

THESTYLIS COQUA.

Allia, serpyllum, rutamque et sectile porrum
  Thestylis, et panis frustula dura coquit.
Jusculaque ut gustu capiant meliore palatum,
  Immittit salsæ pinguia terga suis.
Rusticus hinc stomachum lenitque, et recreat artus;
  Hinc corde exultat messor, et ore nitet.
O labor! o sudor! dulcis conditor uterque!
  Egregiam facitis Thestylin esse coquam.

ROSA: AD STELLAM.

Deliciæ juvenum, nympharum hodierna voluptas,
  Ecce ea, quo rubeat, Stella, rubore Rosa!
Stella, vide quantum foliis suffundat honorem!
  Explicet ad solem purpura quale decus!
Cras, Stella, exemplum pulchris lacrymabile, eandem
  Arentem, laceram, pallidulamque vide.
Stella, Rosæ miserere; et dum miserere, memento,
  Quod brevis est ævi, quod tua forma Rosa est.

CANTATRICES.

Quæ septem vicos conterminat una columna,
Consistunt nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ;
Stramineum capiti tegimen, collumque per omne
Ingentes electri orbes: utrique pependit
Crustato vestis cæno, limoque rigescens
Crure usque a medio calcem defluxit ad imum.
Exiguam secum pendentem ex ubere natam
Altera; venales dextra tulit altera chartas.
His vix dispositis, pueri innuptæque puellæ
Accurrunt: sutor primus, cui lorea vitta
Impediit crines, humili, quæ proxima stabat,
Proruit e cella, chartas, si forte placerent,
Empturus; namque ille etiam se carmine multo
Oblectat, longos solus quo rite labores
Diminuit, fallitque hybernæ tædia noctis.
Collecti murmur sensim increbrescere vulgi.
Audit; et excurrit nudis ancilla lacertis.
Incudem follesque et opus fabrile relinquens,
Se densæ immiscet plebi niger ora Pyracmon.
It juxta, depressum ingens cui mantica tergum
Incurvat, tardo passu; simul ille coronam
Aspectat vulgi, spe carminis arrigit aures;
Statque moræ patiens, humeris nec pondera sentit.
Sic ubi Tartareum regem Rhodopeïus Orpheus
Threiciis studuit fidibus mulcere, laboris

Immemor, Æolides stupuit modulamina plectri,
Nec sensit funesti onera incumbentia saxi.
Sæpe interventus rhedæ crepitantis, ab illo
Vicorum, aut illo, stipantem hinc inde catervam
Dividit; at rursus coeunt, ubi transiit illa,
Ut coeunt rursus, puppis quas dividit, undæ.
Canticulæ interea narraverat argumentum
Altera Sirenum, infidi perjuria nautæ,
Deceptamque dolo nympham; tum flebile carmen
Flebilibus movit numeris, quos altera versu
Alterno excepit: patulis stant rictibus omnes:
Dextram ille acclinat, lævam ille attentius aurem,
Promissum carmen captare paratus hiatu.
Longa referre mora est, animum qua vicerit arte
Virgineum juvenis. Jam poscunt undique chartas
Protensæ emptorum dextræ, quas illa vel illa
Distribuit. cantatque simul: neque ferreus iste
Est usquam auditor, dulcis cui lene camæna
Non adhibet tormentum, et furtivum elicit assem.
Stat medios inter, baculoque innititur Irus;
Nec tamen hic loculo parcit, sed prodigus æris
Emptor adest, solvit pretium, carmenque requirit.
Fors juxta adstabat vetula iracundior æquo;
Quæ loculo ex imo invitum, longumque latentem
Depromens vix tandem obolum, "Cedo, fœmina, chartam,"
Inquit; ut æternum monumentum in pariet figam,
Cum laribus mansurum ipsis, quam credula nymphis
Pectora sint; fraudis quam plena, et perfida nautis.

AD GULIELMUM HOGARTH,

Παραινετικόν.

Qui mores hominum improbos, ineptos,
Incidis, nec ineleganter, æri,
Derisor lepidus, sed et severus,
Corrector gravis, at nec invenustus;
Seu pingis meretricios amores,
Et scenas miseræ vicesque vitæ;
Ut tentat pretio rudem puellam
Corruptrix anus, impudens, obesa;
Ut se vix reprimit libidinosus
Scortator, veneri paratus omni:
Seu describere vis, facete censor,
Bacchanalia sera protrahentes
Ad confinia crastinæ diei,
Fractos cum cyathis tubos, matellam
Non plenam modo sed superfluentem,
Et fortem validumque combibonem
Lætantem super amphora repleta;
Jucundissimus omnium fereris,
Nullique artificum secundus, ætas
Quos præsens dedit, aut dabit futura.
Macte o, eia age, macte sis amicus
Virtuti: vitiique quod notâris,

Pergas pingere, et exhibere coram.
Censura utilior tua æquiorque
Omni vel satirarum acerbitate,
Omni vel rigidissimo cachinno.

NON ES, QUOD SIMULAS.

Ante focum nutatque et lumina claudit herilem
  Et stupida, et vultu seria, felis anus:
Nil ea lascivi saltus meminisse videtur;
  Lusus, si spectes, nil juvenilis habet;
Sed grave, sed prudens quamvis, castumque tuetur,
  Caudam, cum tempus fert, agitare potest.

OCEANUS PRÆDATOR ET RESTITUTOR.

Abluit Oceanus terras hinc inde jacentes;
  Excavat et ripas, subtus edendo, salum.
At neque contrahitur tellus subducta rapinis,
  At neque fit furtis auctior unda suis.
Nam parte ex alia desertam extendit arenam
  Littus, et e mediis insula crescit aquis.
Nil prodest lucrum, cui damna æqualia: fines
  Oceanus mutat, sed superare nequit.

PARENTIS SOLICITUDO.

Plumasque, et pilos, et muscum hinc colligit illinc,
  Fœtibus ut nidum sedula sternat avis:
Quos ubi surreptos cavea suspendit arator,
  Hic quoque captivos provida mater alit.
Si muscam, si vermem affert, vel forte cicadam,
  Totus hiat nidus, conqueriturque famem.
Infelix in utroque parens! labor est peperisse,
  Et labor est pullos non peperisse sibi.

A MANUAL,

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

There is a book, which we may call
  (Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small;
  The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things numerous it contains:
  And things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
  Which merit most regards?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
  A golden edging boast;
And open'd, it displays to view
  Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name, nor title, stamp'd behind,
  Adorns its outer part;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
  A magazine of art.

MANUALE

TYPOGRAPHIA OMNI ANTIQUIUS, NULLI USPIAM LIBRORUM INSERTUM CATALOGO.

Exiguus liber est, muliebri creber in usu,
 Per se qui dici Bibliotheca potest.
Copia verborum non est, sed copia rerum ;
 Copia (quod nemo deneget) utilior.
Rubris consuitur pannis ; fors texitur auro ;
 Bis sexta ad summum pagina claudit opus.
Nil habet a tergo titulive aut nominis ; intus
 Thesauros artis servat, et intus opes :
Intus opes, quas nympha sinu pulcherrima gestet,
 Quas nive candidior tractet ametque manus.
Quando instrumentum præsens sibi postulat usus,
 Majusve, aut, operis pro ratione, minus.
Et genere et modulo diversa habet arma, gradatim
 Digesta, ad numeros attenuata suos :
Primum Enchiridii folium majuscula profert,
 Qualia, quæ blæso est lumine, poscat anus.
Quod sequitur folium, matronis arma ministrat,
 Dicere quæ magnis proximiora licet.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
  Oft visit: and the fair
Preserve it in their bosom stored,
  As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,
  And form'd for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes,)
  They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
  Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
  Or nearly such from age.

The full charged leaf, which next ensues,
  Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
  Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the forth, the fifth supply
  What their occasions ask,
Who with a more discerning eye
  Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
  From size to size they fall,
In every leaf grow less and less;
  The last are least of all.

Tertium, item quartum, quintumque minuscula supplet,
Sed non ejusdem singula quæque loci.
Disposita ordinibus certis, discrimina servant;
Quæ sibi conveniant, seligat unde nurus.
Ultima quæ restant, quæ multa minutula nympha
Dicit, sunt sexti divitiæ folii.
Quantillo in spatio doctrina o! quanta latescit!
Quam tamen obscuram vix brevitate voces.
Non est interpres, non commentarius ullus,
Aut index; tam sunt omnia perspicua.
Ætatem ad quamvis, ad captum ita fingitur omnem,
Ut nihil auxilii postulet inde liber.
Millia librorum numerat perplura; nec ullum
Bodlæi huic jactat Bibliotheca parem.
Millia Cæsareo numerat quoque munere Granta,
Hæc tamen est inter millia tale nihil.
Non est, non istis auctor de millibus unus,
Cui tanta ingenii vis, vel acumen inest.

O ! what a fund of genius, pent
  In narrow space is here !
This volume's method and intent
  How luminous and clear !

It leaves no reader at a loss
  Or posed, whoever reads :
No commentator's tedious gloss,
  Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er !
  No book is treasured there,
Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,
  That may with his compare.

No !—rival none in either host
  Of this was ever seen,
Or, that contents could justly boast,
  So brilliant and so keen.

EXISTENTIA ENTIUM INCORPOREORUM COLLIGI POTEST LUMINE NATURÆ.

Omnia mortali demens sapientia credit
Semine concreta, et cœco jactata tumultu
Principia innumeras rerum procudere formas:
Hinc animam fingit nascentibus insinuatam
Corporeas servare vices, unaque vigere
Cum membris, una languentem flere vigorem,
Atque brevis pariter spatium decurrere vitæ,
Et simul in cineres primævaque semina solvi.
  Hos ludos, Epicure, atque hæc insomnia ridet
Inventrix veri ratio, sedesque futuras
Monstrat, perpetuamque animæ post funera vitam.
  Nam si corporeæ pereunt cum corpore mentes,
Unde est, quod cœco resoluti carcere manes
Aërias sumunt formas, et tenuia membra,
Et similes referunt vultus, notasque figuras?
  Quanquam etenim ridenda putem, quæ somnia cunque,
Credula narrat anus tremulos ad lampadis ignes,
Cum noctes produxit hiems, puerique trementes
Informes metuunt umbras, simulataque monstra,
Et latos rictus oculosque immane micantes;
Sæpe tamen simulacra modis pallentia miris

Impositi frustra claustra effregisse sepulchri
Certa fides, resque ipsa probat cogitque fateri.
Vera cruentatos violati Cæsaris umbra
Ostendit trepido vultus, frontemque minacem,
Fatalesque tibi promisit, Brute, Philippos.
Præterea, defessa gravi cum corpora somno
Languescunt, oculosque ligârunt mollia vinc'la,
Evigilant ignes animi, variæque recursant
Errantes species, et mens sine pondere ludit.
Causidicus renovat jurgantis prœlia linguæ,
Milesque occisos iterata interficit ira:
Et quos accendit vigilanti Phyllis amores,
In somnis Corydon suspirans nutrit amores;
Sideribusque pares oculos, frontisque politum
Marmor, purpureisque rosis immista genarum
Lilia miratur, mentitaque basia libat,
Basia, quæ negat ipsa, ultro dat blandior umbra.
Ergo incorpoream mentem fateare necesse est,
Quæ varias rerum sopito corpore formas
Pingit, divitiisque suis animosa superbit.
Quinetiam, nec causa sui nec conscia motus
Materies fertur, quam si vis nulla cieret,
Staret, perpetuoque ignava quiesceret ævo.
Hinc igitur mentis vires, hinc igneus ardor
Fluxere? et variis corpuscula percita plagis
Eliciunt sensum, veluti latitantia produnt
Collisi silices inclusæ semina flammæ?
Hinc ratio fluxit? celeri quæ concita cursu
Pervolitat superi flammantia mœnia cæli,

Et quæ cæruleo mersit natura profundo
Cernit, et immensi pandit penetralia mundi?
Non adeo rapidis venti vis evolat alis:
Non adeo celeri conspergit lumine terras
Exoriens Deus auricomus, cum nocte fugata
Egit equos volucres, radiantemque ignibus axem.

Cantabrigiæ, in Magnis Comitiis, 1714.

RATIONES BONI ET MALI SUNT ÆTERNÆ ET IMMUTABILES.

Tu, quicunque simul confundis fasque nefasque,
Virtutemque nihil censes, nisi nomen inane,
Ni contra leges et consuetudo valerent:
Siquis forte tibi, pleno cum sol nitet orbe,
Jamque dies medius cælo spectabilis alto est,
Esse diem medium, solemque nitere negaret;
Nonne hominem egregie demirareris ineptum,
Ut mentis prorsus vacuum, vacuumve pudoris?
Tu tamen et vitii, fortis patronus et acer,
Causam agis? et sanum credis te, animoque valentem?
Credideris licet, atque deos jures licet omnes;
Non tamen efficies, quîn te vicinia tota
Vitet, uti medicis caput insanabile centum.

Aurea cum primis acta est mortalibus ætas,
Necdum Astræa hominum commercia fugerat insons
Quisque fidem coluit, manibusque et pectore purus
Traduxit vacuam scelere et formidine vitam.
Non quia lictoris virgas sævamque securim
Sanguinei extimuit; sed nondum exempla parentum
Exciderant animo, nec longe a fonte remotus,
Cœnosas haurire infelix cœperat undas.
At simul ejecto vitia irrupere pudore,
Disrupto rapidus veluti solet obice torrens;
Condere tum leges, siquos reverentia divûm
Movit adhuc, cœpere, fides ne, sacraque jura,
Ipsaque virtutis penitus monumenta perirent.
Quod si non aliqua, ut misere contendis, inesset
Vis nativa Bono, quæ lege antiquior omni,
Cur non, cum in vitium proni rapiamur, honestis
Postpositisque bonis, inhonesta et prava jubentur?
Scilicet æterna est virtus, quæ, Regule, visa est,
Tam formosa tibi: certe dea, Regule, visa est,
Ausus eras præ qua lacrymantes rejicere a te
Uxorem, natosque tuos, certusque redire,
Pœnorum rabiem atque ultricem temnere mortem.
Ergo etiam seri, post tot quoque sæc'la, nepotes
Divinum exemplar tacito venerantur honore.
At, lucis metuens, tenebras, et noctis opacæ
Tegmen amat vitium; sed nec densissima noctis
Umbra valet miserum a seipso, celare nocentem.
Intus agit stimulos mens conscia seque flagello
Insequitur cæco, tortore ferocior omni.

Nec quenquam ergo adeo rationis egere putarem,
Qui, si, quod turpi satagit conquirere fraude,
Lucrari illud idem posset sine fraude, negaret;
Et voti nollet fieri, nisi crimine, compos.
Jam, sibi qui ignoscit propriis vitiis satis æquus,
Censorem mendosus agit; desævit et ipse,
Censura dignum si quidquam admiserit alter.
Rusticus olim adiit consultum juris, ut aiunt,
Percontaturus quid lex sentiret in hac re:
"Bos vicini," inquit, "sepem perrupit, agelli
Tutelam nostri, et viridem pede pressit aristam,"—
"Pressit aristam, ais? et sepem perrupit? abito
Securus; causa vinces: mî crede resartum
Hoc tibi prægrandi præsto cum fœnore damnum."
Rusticus hic,—"satis est: bos nam tuus"—"imo," ait
"Si meus, est longe res jam diversa profecto." [alter,
Quam ridenda tuos bene pingit fabula mores!
Qui, si de propriis perdas quid vive dolove,
Protinus exclamas, et juras, ut tuus est mos,
Nil superi curant mortalia? fulmina cessant
Cur tam formidata, et vindex flamma Tonantis?
Jam virtus non umbra tibi est, jam fasque nefasque
Sunt aliquid; cælesti agnoscis origine nata.
At violata fides si te ditaverit auro,
Tum superûmque minas et bruta tonitrua spernis,
Sub pedibusque jacent leges, et vincula sacra.
Nequicquam; namque haud virtus mutabilis auræ
Arbitrio popularis, honore orbabitur æquo;
Ante etenim versus cedet color ater in album,

Ante diem Luna efficiet, Phœbusque tenebras,
Quam diva exciderit solio, quo fixa per omne
Perstitit, et perstabit in omne immobilis ævum.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis prioribus, 1706-7.

LOCKIUS NON RECTE STATUIT DE PARTICULA ANGLICANA *BUT.*

Non mea victrices laurus, insignia belli,
Musa, nec optatæ ramos prætendit olivæ;
Grammaticas ambire tribus et pulpita cogor,
Ludere particulis, et nugis addere pondus,
Orbiliique iterum pendere loquentis ab ore,
Discipulorumque inter paulum habitare cathedras.
  Verborum miseros dum deploravit abusus
Lockius, amissas veneres, artemque loquendi
Corruptam, tantæque ultro medicamina pesti
Attulit: imprudens impune evadere sivit
Particulam hanc, dirasque in vulgum spargere strages.
Dulcia quid memorem convivia mixta tumultu,
Extinctosque ignes, violataque fœdera amoris?
  Non centum linguis mendacia plura vel ipsa
Fama refert, leni quam hæc syllaba sæpe susurro.
Nimirum hoc telum est, quo facta insignia livor,

Quæsitumque decus meritis, et digna tropæa
Impetit; abrumpens sermonem, dum premit intus
Reliquias odii, taciteque loquacia verba.
Zoilus aspexit si forte poëmata Garthî,
O quantum ingenium! exclamat; *sed* dicitur ille—
  Quam sæpe innuptæ ludunt hac voce puellæ!
Quamque pia insidias gaudens prætexere lingua,
Cælia præfatur!—Mihi non infamia curæ est;
Mene movet, quoniam est huic major turba procorum,
Pulchrior hæc, aut est quia ditior? est honor uni-
Cuique suus: verum laudaret si quis amicæ
Fulgentes oculos, tum protinus illa; *sed* olim—
Diceret esse probam? tum suspirabit,—At at tu
Nunquid de puero audîsti? cubito prope stantem
Tangens. Sunt etiam hæc vetulis monosyllaba cordi,
Sed mea fabellas musa indignatur aniles.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis prioribus, 1717-18.

FLUXUS ET REFLUXUS MARIS PENDENT AB ACTIONIBUS SOLIS ET LUNÆ.

Quid regat alternos æstus, qua vi alta tumescant
Æquora, et elatis insurgant fluctibus undæ;
Humida quid jubeat retro sublapsa referri
Regna, cano, pelagoque volans do vela patenti.

Principio solem, et terras, præclaraque cœli
Lumina, surgentemque in menstrua cornua lunam
Vis infusa regit, coitusque immensa cupido
Molem agit, et magno mundi se corpore miscet.
Ætheris hinc ignes labuntur, et errat in orbes
Quisque suos, Phœbi arbitrio, qui sidera certo
Circumagit gyro, sese exsors ipse movendi:
Hinc celeri circum vertigine Cynthia rapta
Volvitur, et varias splendoris lubrica formas
Induit, ora modis ostentans candida miris.
Quæ quoniam terras propius vaga lumine lustrat,
Efficit, ut cupide sursum magis omnia tendant
Surgere, dilectumque parent accedere ad orbem.
At leni imperio Phœbes parere recusant
Educti cælo montes, nullisque trahuntur
Illecebris, solido vires dum corpore vincunt.
Mollis aquæ citius cedit natura, marisque
Agnoscit dominam; fluctus simul illa volentes
Ad sese vocat, atque imo ciet æquora fundo,
Attollens liquidam molem camposque natantes.
Ac, velut incensa ingenti magnetis amore
Ardet acus, properatque coire, salitque, tremensque
Nititur ad lapidis latus, et nova vincula sentit;
Haud aliter, lunæ observans iter, altius undas
Erigit, assurgitque fretis ferventibus æquor.
Nec mora, nec requies; qua se fert Cynthia, ponti
Insequitur cumulus comes una, et gibbus aquarum.
Cum primum nostro vasti regina profundi
Incumbit pelago, tumidique ad littora fluctus
Nota r[illegible] ex alia retinacula solvit

Oceani, pontoque omnes effundit habenas ;
Subsidunt humiles undæ, refugæque recumbunt.
Nec nihil interea, qui lucida tela diei
Spargit, et aspectat terras sol arduus omnes,
Emotam turbat Tethyn, agitatque tumentem.
Cynthia cum fratris radiis obnoxia pleno
Orbe coit, seu cum præacutis cornibus ibit,
Cernere erit magno marmor trepidare tumultu :
At, si dilectæ lampas Phœbea sororis
Dimidiam partem candenti lumine tingit ;
Paulatim sese tollens, mare tardius æstum
Provolvet segnem : sin jam pervenit uterque,
Qua Libra æquato discrimine dividit orbem,
Continuo ad cælum convexo gurgite fertur
Ardua congeries pelagi, et vada spumea crescunt
Cum sonitu ; nullo tantum se turbine Nereus
Jactat, et ipsa suas mirantur cærula vires.
Scilicet has leges natura, et fœdera lunæ
Imposuit, solemque dedit, qui tempore certo
Et premeret, maris et montes educeret altos.
Nî faceret, late circum se immobilis humor
Sterneret in morem stagni, obscœnæque paludis.
Jam, jam nulla mora est ratibus; nunc Anglica classis,
Aurarumque leves animas, et flamina captans,
Jura dat oceano; littusque affectat Eoum,
Indiam in Europam portans ; nunc labitur alveo
Insolito Ganges, Thamesisque it turbidus auro.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis prioribus, 1719-20.

MUNDUS NON FUIT AB ÆTERNO.

Dum patrios alii lætantur volvere fastos,
Auctoremque suæ venerandum exquirere gentis,
Nos hominum communem investigare parentem
Quid vetat, infantisque exordia pandere mundi?
 At quis tam stulte sapiens, qui finxerit orbis
Hanc faciem plusquam veterem, æternamque teneri
Fœdere materiem fatali? quando decora
Tota juventute exultat natura vigetque.
 Spectemus solem; quis solis, origine nulla,
Fulgere perpetuos, ut Vestæ, dixerit ignes?
A quo prædones referunt dum furta cometæ
Ignea, diffundit radios dum prodigus ipse,
Olim deficeret lucis lux ipsa parentem:
Nec nos, (ut vetus it de ranis fabula) Phœbo
Uxoris sobolisque invidissemus honorem:
Nos orbo, nos heu! quereremur cœlibe Phœbo.
 Quin dum plus terris, quam redditur, exit aquarum,
Cur non Naïades siccæ? Neptunus arescit?
Cur non exussit sitientes Sirius agros,
Nec pandit tellus Erebum rimosa profundum?
 Quid, cum sol proprio remeantes orbe planetas
Attrahit, inque vicem attrahitur; si æterna fuisset
Vis utrisque olim, cur non amplexibus hærent

Marsque Venusque? ruit Saturnus cum Jove? cur non
Mundus in immanem confunditur ignis acervum?
Sed neque crediderim tibi, Luna, æterna fuisse
Cornua, qua sese jactant ætate priores
Arcades, æternos se dicere parcius ausi.
Nec tantum genti affectes ascribere honorem,
Cambro-Britanne, tuæ; satis est, quod mille virorum
Sanguine junctorum percurrere nomina possis,
Quod tibi nescio quis memoretur Regulus auctor.
Nec nos (siqua fides, siqua est reverentia fastis)
Longo intervallo communi a stirpe remoti,
Stirpe sibi inflatam confessa cœlitus auram.
At quibus hæc hominum rerumque æterna figura
Creditur, in labyrinthæis ambagibus errant.
Si non, quod dicta est æterna, aliunde recepit
Materies, Deus est; Deus est, quodcunque videmus;
Nec soli Ægypto divi nascuntur in hortis.
Quod si materies divino ex numine manet,
Materiemque opus exuperans; quæ causa, coævum
Cur Deus ultro perficeret, quem non regit, orbem?
An vero invitus? quis erat qui cogere posset?
Nempe peregit opus, nullo cogente, coactus!
Hinc sine principio mundus, sine fine movetur!
Incassum cupiunt rationem eludere verbis,
Arbitrioque negant divini numinis orbem
In nihil, e nihilo productum, posse reverti;
Instat summa dies et ineluctabile tempus,
Cernere cum fuerit confectam ætate parentem

Dejectare caput naturam, et cedere morti:
Testari ex ipso primordia fine videtur,
Et non vitalis sensim vanescere mundus.
Sic ubi perfecit divina Dædalus arte
Automaton faber, appendit cum mobile pondus,
Aptavitque rotis axes, mandata facessit
Singula pars; piacido systema tenore movetur:
At cum nativa pondus libratile terras
Attigerit gravitate, retardat machina cursus,
Principiumque brevis motus confessa quiescit.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis posterioribus, 1715-16.

'ΕΞΑΗΜΕΡΟΝ.

Principium rerum, cæli, terræque, marisque,
Nascentem e nihilo mundum, artificemque Jehovam,
Magnum opus, aggredior tenui celebrare camœna.
Ante mare, et terras, superique palatia cæli,
Omnia erant tenebræ, chaos omnia; cum Deus inquit,
"Fiat lux." Verbum omnipotens nox protinus atra
Audiit, inque suas fugit tremebunda latebras;
Stipatique ignes radiantia tela diei
Misere, et risit diffuso lumine mundus.
Sic primus fulgere dies incepit, et orbem
Describens, alios latuit renovandus in ortus.

Angelicus circum plausu chorus omnis ovabat,
Cælesti auratæ sonuerunt pollice chordæ,
Et celebrant cantus magni natalia mundi.
Continuo tenues auras super omnia numen,
Late firmamentum ingens, expandit; ut illic
Suspensæ a terris undæ, gelidique volarent
Imbres, et gravidæ maturo fulmine nubes,
Degeneresque hominum motura tonitrua mentes:
Imperiumque dedit ventis, motusque ciere
Jussit; ne nimio languesceret aura calore,
Colligeretve simul diros immota vapores;
Ne vitæ fons ipse per ægros spargeret artus
Purpureas pestes, et certæ semina mortis.
Obductas sed adhuc celabant æquora terras,
Omnia pontus erant; jussit cum cedere fluctus
Omnipotens Opifex, undisque immensa profunda
Porrexit: jussæ subito, velut agmine facto,
Conglomerantur aquæ; madidum caput exerit undis
Fundus, et in valles hinc se submittit apertas,
Aërios illinc tollens ad sidera montes.
Inclusus sævit minitanti murmure pontus,
Attollitque iras, et montes volvit aquarum.
Frustra! perpetuas naturæ providus auctor
Opposuit moles, atque insuperabile littus.
Sed sparsim latis errabant flumina campis,
Manabant gelidi vario sinuamine fontes,
Dulci per pronas trepidantes murmure ripas;
Ne sitiens terra informes aperiret hiatus,
Ne sterilis foret, atque ignavæ campus arenæ.

Ecce! jubente Deo, flores et gramina terræ
Induitur facies; rident vernantia prata,
Arvaque parturiunt nullos experta labores.
En! rosa purpureos aperit formosa colores,
Virgineos pandunt et candida lilia vultus;
Exultat tellus, variaque ornata corona
Ridet, et ambrosios circum diffundit odores.
Scandunt umbrosæ suprema cacumina sylvæ,
Montisque ascensum superant, funesta cupressus,
Et quercus tectis, et pinus navibus aptæ.
Interea zephyri et spirantes molliter auræ
Ludunt; dum rivi serpunt ad marginis oras,
Pinguia qui circum glebis alimenta ministrant.
Tunc hilares primum rubuerunt vitibus uvæ;
Tempora tunc diversa anni confusa videres:
Quicquid frugiferis profert autumnus in horis,
Quicquid promittunt renovati tempora veris,
Fructusque, et flores, fructus spes pulchra futuri,
Ornabant gemino curvatos pondere ramos.
  Sic ubi disposuit terras animantibus aptas,
In cælis proprio candentem lumine solem
Fixit, et alterius pallentem lumine lunam.
Auricomum solem stadium decurrere jussit
Longius, ast illam breviores flectere gyros;
Metiri ut spatium possent et mensis, et anni,
Et pulchra informes variarent luce tenebras.
  Ecce! iterum terræ pariunt, et fusa per agros
Undique depascunt virides animantia campos.
Reptilium innumeræ gentes, quas fertile verbum

Produxit, vitam accipiunt initumque movendi.
Immanes surgunt tigres, rabidique leones,
Cornigerique boves, distentaque lacte capella.
Ecce! novis tremulum diverberat aëra pennis
Alituum genus, et multo super æthera plausu
Fertur, et undantes implet concentibus auras.
Nec suus interea deerat vagus incola ponto;
Errabat multus passim per cærula piscis
Æquora; præ reliquis ingens balæna, tyrannus
Oceani, vastam molem lasciva per undas
Provolvit, liquidi terrorque et gloria regni.
Sanctior his, et qui dominari in cætera posset,
Tandem natus homo est; propriæque huic indidit auræ
Particulam, imperium huic ingens, sedesque beatas
Indulsit rerum Genitor, sacrosque labores
Quos jam finierat, laudans, "Absolvimus," inquit,
"Magnum opus: hinc, tempus, tuus hinc exordia sumat
Computus, et pulchro distinguat sæcula gyro."

AD TEMPUS.

O QUI silentem præcipitas fugam,
Cæcoque prætervolveris impetu,
Urgensque cursum, nec morari
Scis, Deus, aut potis es reverti;
Tu sede celsus dum revolubilem
Torques laborem, dura necessitas
Auriga in æternos recursus
Flectit equos volucremque currum;
Te sæculorum oblivia, te breves
Sequuntur anni, te fuga mensium
Velociorum, te dierum
Versicolor comitatur ordo;
Tecum alta Virtus laurigeram sedet
Decora frontem, et filia Veritas,
Cui vultus immortale fulgens
Purpureo radiatur igne:
Injuriosa ne citus orbita
Vertas columnam, quam tenuis labor
Struxit camœnæ; parce curru,
Parce gravi metuende falce.

Et tu superbo vertice flammeas
Surgens in arces, mille sonantibus
Accincta pennis, et parentis
Antevolans rapidos jugales;
Duc, fama, puri per spatia ætheris,
Duc me insolenti tramite; devius
Tentabo inaccessos profanis
Invidiæ pedibus recessus.
Quid mente vanus concipis æthera?
Quo vota fundis, quidlibet impotens
Sperare? proh fallax voluptas!
Heu! sine diis animose vates!
Te surda præterlabitur orbita,
Avertit alas fama, supervenit
Nox atra caligante vultu, et
Nube sedens taciturnus horror.
Sic flexuosi margine fluminis
Cycnus recumbit carmina dividens;
Mox fata, nil mollita cantu,
Ora premunt liquidamque vocem.

MOLA JUVENTUTIS RESTAURATRIX.

Medea, effœti revocaret ut Æsonis annos,
  Diversam herbarum mille poposcit opem;
Carminaque et magicas artes, succosque potentes,
  Quosve venenorum Thessala terra parens;
Quos Pindus, quos Ossa tulit, quos Pelion altus,
  Quotquot et Apidani gramina ripa dedit;
Quodque triceps Hecate auxilii, quod numina noctis,
  Quod nemorum poterant diique deæque dare.
His simul incoctis, precibusque, et carmine multo
  Sopiti jugulum discidit ense senis.
Sanguis ubi exierat, validi medicamine succi
  Replevit soceri guttura cæsa nurus.
Canities, maciesque abiit, pallorque, situsque,
  Plenaque luxuriant membra vigore novo.
Scilicet hoc visum est mire finxisse poëtæ;
  Te penes est dignum dicere necne fide
Quidlibet audendi pictori est æqua potestas,
  Et multi ingenii tradidit ille molam.
Clarius inventum, quoniam plus exhibet artis,
  (Quod mox agnosces) prodigiique minus.
Ponitur in campis (ita lusit amabile pictor)
  Machina, bis senos, vix minus, alta pedes.

Non agitur ventis, non est versatilis undis,
Versandæ toti sufficit unus homo.
Pyxis quadrati ex ligni compagine, summum
Inversi coni conficit instar opus.
Huc ope scalarum ascendens, de margine capsæ
Conjicitur præceps, ut juvenescat, anus.
Dum rota versatur, (credat, qui conspicit,) exit
Juxta expectanti pulchra puella proco.
Pulchra, decens, habilis—vetulæ hæc miracula cernunt,
Et propere ad scalas, ut renoventur, eunt.
Jam non in plateis, longa confecta senecta,
Hoc vetula exaudit triste, Memento mori.
Siquam pervulgata fidem pictura meretur,
Læta magis vox est illa, Memento Moli.

CORNICULA.

Nigras inter aves avis est, quæ plurima turres,
  Antiquas ædes, celsaque fana colit.
Nil tam sublime est, quod non audace volatu,
  Aëriis spernens inferiora, petit.
Quo nemo ascendat, cui non vertigo cerebrum
  Corripiat, certe hunc seligit illa locum.
Quo vix a terra tu suspicis absque tremore,
  Illa metus expers incolumisque sedet.
Lamina delubri supra fastigia, ventus
  Qua cæli spiret de regione, docet;
Hanc ea præ reliquis mavult, secura peric'li,
  Nec curat, nedum cogitat, unde cadat.
Res inde humanas, sed summa per otia, spectat,
  Et nihil ad sese, quas videt, esse videt.
Concursus spectat, plateaque negotia in omni,
  Omnia pro nugis at sapienter habet.
Clamores, quos infra audit, si forsitan audit,
  Pro rebus nihili negligit, et crocitat.
Ille tibi invideat, felix cornicula, pennas,
  Qui sic humanis rebus abesse velit.

THE JACKDAW.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

I.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

II.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

III.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

IV.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
Of future broken bones and bruises,
  If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
  Or troubles it at all.

V.

He sees, that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
  Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
  And says—what says he?—Caw.

VI.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
  And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
  And such a head between 'em.

CONSPICILLUM.

Omnibus ex oculis, quos ars invenit et usus,
Per quos conspicimus res prope, resque procul;
Commodius nihil est, nihil est præsentius illis,
Impositos naso quos fere quisque gerit.
Sunt, qui temporibus, ne balba e nare loquantur,
Affigi malunt hæc vitrea auxilia.
Sunt, quibus in dextra vitrum prætenditur unum;
Hi sunt ex illis, quos pudet esse senes.
Nemo sagax magis est exploratore novorum,
Cum vitra in naso gestet, in ore tubum:
His pollens armis, his adjutricibus armis,
Arcani nihil est, quod subolere nequit.
Adjumenta domi hæc si fors fortasse relinquat,
Frustra sub cubito biblia portat anus:
Excidit ex animo, nihilique est concio tota
Ni caput et versum, secum habet, unde notet.
Induit alternis psalmodus et exuit infra
Clericus, alternis ut legat, utque canat.
Pollice * tunc habuit suspensa, obliqua tuenti
Cum niveum ostendit nympha sopora sinum.
Lumina cui languent, multis hebetantur et annis,
Quatuor ut fiant, addat ab arte duo.
Qui vult argutus, qui vult oculatus haberi,
In capite hic oculos gestet, et in loculo.

* Vide picturam Gul. Hogarth, quæ sopitam lepidissime describit congregationem.

IN EDICTUM REGIS GEORGII SECUNDI DE RECUDENDIS NUMMIS AUREIS.

Aurea Jacobi vultus et nomina gessit
  Lamina; sed longo jam tenuata die.
Scilicet exesas injuria temporis oras
  Sensim corrosit, diminuitque latus.
Vix patet huic sceptrum, vix huic distinguitur orbis,
  Inscriptum haud illi lemma videre licet.
Ne valor et pondus decrescere pergeret ultra,
  Huic quoque præcavit regia cura malo.
Edicto incudi detrita numismata reddi
  Jussit, et effigiem ferre recusa novam.
Nec tamen amitti dices cum nomine formam;
  Est et adhuc vultus, qui pretiosa facit.

PONS WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

Tamisi, regales qui præterlaberis arces,
  Quam se magnificum, suspice, tollit opus!
Quanto cum saxis coalescunt pondere saxa!
  Quo nexu incumbens sustinet arcus onus!

Ardua quam justo pendet libramine moles!
Qua partes hærent partibus harmonia!
Quos, cerne, ad numeros, ab utrovis littore, sensim
Sunt supra acclives alterutrinque viæ!
Pontis aperturæ quam distant legibus æquis,
Exterior quævis interiore minor!
Hunc artis splendorem inter, nihil impedit undas,
Quove minus placidus vel taciturnus eas.
Nil tibi descensum accelerat; non vorticis ullus
Impetus, in præceps unde ferantur aquæ.
Fluxu idem, refluxu idem, lenissimus amnis
Incolumem subtus sternis, ut ante, viam:
Seris indicium sæc'lis, quo principe tanta
Hæc tibi surrexit gloria, liber eris.

MILLIARIA.

Londinum a Granta pergenti (in pace quiescat,
Qui posuit) quota sint millia, saxa notant.
Jam non, ad patrias ædes rediturus, alumnus
Incertæ queritur tædia dura viæ.
Jam non, Fulmerii deserta per æquora campi,
Quærit ubi villam, conspiciatve domum.
Quem roget, occurrat nullus si forte viator,
Certus in incertis rebus amicus adest.

Est in conspectu, qui millia computat index,
  Et numerat, quanto diminuatur iter.
Hunc prætervecto lapidem, qui proximus instat,
  Millia signabit præteriisse duo.
Vix e conspectu, vix sese ubi submovet ille,
  Ordine qui subeant, alter et alter erunt:
Tertius, et quartus—quintusque haud conficit horam;
  Tam placido pergunt usque tenore viæ.
Ignotæ tantum præstat distantia nota;
  Millia quæ reddit plura, minusque viæ.

CAUPO MEDIATOR.

Seu lis inciderit muliebris sive virilis,
  Caupo statim rixæ pacificator adest.
Ille interponens sese, " Pacem impero vobis,"
  Inquit, " et in regis nomine posco, rogo:"
Præcipue cautus, ne verba in verbera cedant,
  Respicit hinc pugilum, respicit inde manus.
Neu desit quidquam, quantum facundia possit,
  Tentat, et has voces addit et hisce pares.
" Tollite barbariem; vicini estote, quod estis:
  Imbelles animos arguit iste furor.

Quin sociis mecum fœdus renovate lagenis;
  Lædit enim totas lis inimica domos."
Nemo magis præsens illo est componere lites;
  Sed nebulo siccas odit amicitias.

REGNARE NOLO, LIBER UT NON SIM MIHI.

Irus ego (hæc musam memini cecinisse jocosam)
  Pauper, et a cunis claudus—et Irus ero.
Est mihi tibicen lignum, quod cruris iniquis
  Gressibus, officium præstat—et Irus ero.
Ad latus ampullam gesto, sed non ita magnam,
  Unde bibam, quando siccus—et Irus ero.
Pera mihi pendet duplex; salis altera custos,
  Altera, quæ panem servat—et Irus ero.
Longa mihi tunica est, et pannis obsita; nympham
  Quæ tamen interdum celet—et Irus ero.
Insidiis procul atque metu, immunisque pericli,
  In cella vivo tutus—et Irus ero.
Invidiam supra, dominoque beatior omni
  Irus ego, et (regnet, qui velit) Irus ero.

CICINDELA.

Sub sepe exiguum est, nec raro in margine ripæ,
Reptile, quod lucet nocte, dieque latet,
Vermis habet speciem, sed habet de lumine nomen;
At prisca a fama non liquet, unde micet.
Plerique a cauda credunt procedere lumen;
Nec desunt, credunt qui rutilare caput.
Nam superas stellas quæ nox accendit, et illi
Parcam eadem lucem dat, moduloque parem.
Forsitan hoc prudens voluit natura caveri,
Ne pede quis duro reptile contereret:
Exiguam, in tenebris ne gressum offenderet ullus,
Prætendi voluit forsitan illa facem.
Sive usum hunc natura parens, seu maluit illum,
Haud frustra accensa est lux, radiique dati.
Ponite vos fastus, humiles nec spernite, magni;
Quando habet et minimum reptile, quod niteat.

THE GLOW-WORM.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

I.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

II.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

III.

But this is sure—the hand of night,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a modicum of light
Proportion'd to his size.

IV.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod :

V.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

VI.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

VII.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

ODE NUPTIALIS.

JUVENES.

VIRGINES, quas castus Amor jugali
Destinat tædæ, generosa vitis
(Quod sit, o! felix, quod et usque felix)
Jungitur ulmo.

VIRGINES.

Si preces junctæ auspicium secundent,
Vos simul festum repetemus omen;
"Vite cum dulci juveni sit ulmo
Copula felix."

CHORUS.

Floreant una viridi juventa,
Et pari longum vigeant honore;
Invicem nexis socientque ramis
Mutua vinc'la.

JUVENES.

Robur et vires columenque tutum
Arbori arbor det valida imbecilli,
Et diu sospes stabilisque vitem
Fulciat ulmus.

VIRGINES.

Palmites innectat in arctiorem
Vitis amplexum, gravidoque fœtu et
Purpura multi decorans racemi
Vestiat ulmum.

CHORUS.

Quod potest, vitem tueatur ulmus;
Quod potest, vitis locupletet ulmum;
Illa tutamen, decus addat illa,
Utraque utrique.

JUVENES.

Utraque irruptam arbor, et hæc et illa,
Copulam servet, pariter fidelis,
Nec die solvat citius supremo
Fœdus amoris.

VIRGINES.

Sit diu salvum sociale vinc'lum,
Nulla quod fati violet potestas:
Serius fiat viduata vitis,
Serius ulmus.

CHORUS.

Arbores sylvæ spatiosiores,
Arbores, quas lucus alit, minores,
Hanc fidem laudent, simul æmulentur,
Connubialem.

HÆREDIS LUCTUS.

Nummorum immensæ summæ qui nascitur Hæres,
Quo ritu amissum defleat ille patrem!
Magna statim signet mortem campana, jubete;
Nec pulsus horas desinat ante duas;
Obdite, mœrori quia lux inimica, fenestras;
Durius ut pulset nemo, cavete, fores.
Formaque quo major taciti sit funeris, ire
Suspenso servum quemque jubete pede.
Quique paret pullas, sartorem accersite, vestes:
Eventum tristem nil nisi triste decet.
Præcipite, ut currus sit et intra pullus et extra,
Pullaque sint itidem fræna, sedile, rotæ.
Quadrata in tabula defuncti insignia coram
Prostent, in media fronte locata domus.
Testetur, fas est, pietatem Ecclesia nati:
Pulpita sint pariter condecorata, volo.
Ut res sunt nihili speciosa imitamina luctus!
Ut nugæ, ut fiunt omnia ludibrium!
Fallitur egregie, quem pompa externa doloris
Fallit: nil istis lætius est lacrymis.

BOMBYX.

Fine sub Aprilis Bombyx excluditur ovo,
Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus.
Frondibus hinc mori, volvox dum fiat adultus,
Gnaviter incumbens, dum satietur, edit.
Crescendo ad justum cum jam maturuit ævum,
Incipit artifici stamine textor opus:
Filaque condensans filis, orbem implicat orbi,
Et sensim in gyris conditus ipse latet.
Inque cadi teretem formam se colligit, unde
Egrediens pennas papilionis habet;
Fitque parens tandem, fœtumque reponit in ovis;
Hoc demum extremo munere functus, obit.
Quotquot in hac nostra spirant animalia terra,
Nulli est vel brevior vita, vel utilior.

THE SILK-WORM.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

The beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulberry-leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
Though, till his growing time be past,
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arrived, his work begins;
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;
Till circle upon circle wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task:

And, though a worm, when he was lost,
Or caterpillar at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio-pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies,
The next ensuing year;—and dies!
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter-lived than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

REGNARE VOLO.

Bis sextam clausura diem post festa Decembris
  Lusibus innocuis nox salibusque datur.
Festivum in cœtum coeunt pueri atque puellæ,
  Ut sors, quos regno destinet, ipsa legat.
Sortis ad arbitrium rex et regina creantur,
  Quo ritu? breviter cuncta docendus eris.
De farre et prunis libum componitur ingens,
  Bis sex in partes sectile, bisve decem.
Convivæ, quotcunque adsint, sua portio cuique est;
  Cuique suum assignat portio quæque locum.

Credere vix poteris, qui risus inter edendum,
  Quæ spes pertentent pectora, quive metus.
Rex ille in noctem, regina vocatur et illa,
  Cui faba contigerit, contigeritque cicer.
Præficiunt epulis convivæ utrumque; salutem
  Et regno optantes omnia fausta brevi:
Regnum unam in noctem, si sit lætabile saltem,
  Imperio annorum dulcius esse rati.

ΔΩΡΟΝ ʼΑΔΩΡΟΝ.

Cives in campos quoties innubilus aër
  Elicit, et tepidum ver, zephyrique leves;
Terga bovis, vel terga suis, satis utraque salsa,
  Caupo suburbanus donat, ut hospes edat.
Nec fraudi successus abest optatus; ad hamum
  Gobio festinat plurimus, et capitur.
Conviva insidiis deceptus editque sititque;
  Nec sentit, quantum crescit edendo sitis.
Non adeo est largus, non est, quem credis, amicus:
  Ut vendat potum, dat tibi caupo cibum.

APES.

Gens frugi et prudens, operosa et provida, vitam
Quam placide peragunt, quam sapienter Apes!
Urbis habent inter sese consortia; cuique
Stat sua pars operum, munia cuique sua.
Nota domus sua cuique, et parvæ limina cellæ;
Et sua de medio portio cuique cibi est.
Hic esto populus, res esto hæc publica, discat
Unde suos cives instituisse Plato.

INGENIA IN OCCULTO.

Discipulos variæ sectæ, variæque studentes
Artis, museum Bethlemiense capit.
Alterius studiis obsit ne forsitan alter,
Obfirmat cellam portula cuique suam.
Qualis Epicteto lectus, qualisque cathedra,
Talis iis lectus, tale sedile datur.
Neu Phœbus radiis animi perstringat ocellos,
Excludit nimium parva fenestra diem.
Dulcibus hic totus musis incumbit; et implet
Angustos rhythmis carminibusque lares:

Impendit curam patriæque et civibus ille;
Debita si forsan diminuisse queat.
Nusquam est uberior, nusquam seges ingeniorum
Major; sed messis tota latendo perit.

DIGNITAS ET OTIUM.

Altior est reliquis, quæ sella vocatur honoris;
Acclivis, facili sed superanda jugo.
Hoc solium ascendit, quem tota frequentia poscit
Præsidis in noctem sustinuisse vices.
Ille ubi composuit sese, clavoque galerum
Suspendit, pœtum fert tubulosque puer.
Implet, et accendit, cubitoque innixus utroque
In cathedra digne pro gravitate sedet.
Arbiter hinc dicit legesque modumque bibendi,
Quoque propinanda est ordine cuique salus.
His tandem officiis functus, vinoque gravatus,
Nondum deposito nutat hiatque tubo.
Quæ raro coeunt, et in una sede morantur,
En! ubi majestas, et sit habenda quies!

AD STEPHANUM DUCK,

'Εγκωμιαστικόν.

ORTU humilem, obscurum vita, servumque labore,
  Te, Stephane, in lucem rustica musa vocat.
Principibus placuisse viris tibi contigit Aulæ,
  Et minor est fama Lauriger ipse tua.
Cæsareo jussu, certum est tibi pensio munus;
  Te curatorem regius hortus habet.
Regia præterea, si fama est nuncia veri,
  Curæ mandatur bibliotheca tuæ.
Nec fastu tamen elata est, vultuve superbo
  Fert tua fortunæ prospera musa vices.
Nec mutantur adhuc mores; sed et ille modestus,
  Ille verecundus, qui prius, usque manes.
In modicis æquus; prudens, moderatus in altis,
  Exemplar magnis esto, vel opprobrium.

SUICIDA.

MUSCA meam volitat circum importuna lucernam,
  Alasque amburit jam prope jamque suas.
Sæpe repello manu venientem, et, "ineptula musca,
  Quæ, te," inquam, "impellit tanta libido mori?"

Illa tamen redit, et, quanquam servare laboro,
  Instat, et in flammas exitiumque ruit.
Exiguam tibi nolo animam, quam projicis, ultra
  Servare; et si sis certa perire, peri.

'ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΩΝ.

Aspicis, ut nidum tignis suffigit hirundo,
  Cæmento ut luteo pensile firmat opus!
Aspicis, ut solido durescunt mœnia nexu,
  Quem neque ventorum vis, neque solvat aqua!
Structura incolumis, multos mansura per annos,
  Vere eadem reduces excipit hospes aves.
Præstat in exigua, quod non Vanbrughius æquet,
  Quod non Gibbesius vincat, hirundo domo.

ARTIS EST CELARE ARTEM.

Pulchra, nec invitos, vocat ad spectacula cives
  Fauxius, egregiæ dexteritatis homo;
Fallere spectantes quo non solertior alter,
  Vel linguæ insidiis, vel levitate manus.
En! vobis (aperitque manum deceptor utramque)
  Orbiculum! hei præsto!—fugit, abivit—adest.
Est hic, est illic—nusquam est, et ubique—videte,
  In mensa—in loculis hujus—in ore tuo.

Tunc peram invertit; fraudemque exorsus ab ovo
  Gallinam profert aligerumque gregem.
Cartula (proh! monstrum!) summi ad laquearia tecti
  Subvolat, et formam jussa capessit avis.
Spectator lætus videt hæc miracula rerum,
  Et stupet occulti captus amore doli.
Multum habet ingenii, multum delusor et artis;
  Qui, simul ac aperit se, nihil artis habet.

IRIS PORTABILIS.

Colligit et frangit radios in mille colores
  Vitrum, quod docti nomine prisma vocant;
Coccina cæruleis, croceis hyacinthina distant,
  Singula per varios attenuata gradus.
Dissimiles umbris sunt umbræ, et linea quævis
  Languidior sensim contiguaque minor.
Per sic dispositæ discrimina lucis, in omni
  Depictam facie prismatis Irin habet.

—— Levius fit patientia, Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

Clauditur in cavea, laqueo quam prenderit auceps,
  Et silet, et fatum lugubre plorat avis.
Nec placet angustus carcer, quam limite nullo
  Aërias nuper juverat ire vias.

Nascitur, et longo patientia crescit ab usu;
  Nec jam, quæ dederat tædia, carcer habet.
Jam se solatur cantu captiva; nec ulla
  Suavius in campis libera cantat avis.

VERITAS ET AMICITIA.

Est homo, mercator ruri, cui lux tremit intus;
  In cultu gravitas est, et in ore fides:
Qui longis odit verborum ambagibus uti,
  Nec cum vicinis dissimulanter agit.
Nec pretium ingeminat venalibus amplius æquo,
  Ut mox diminuat, dimidietve, lucrum.
Nec nimis extollit merces, et laudibus auget;
  Commendet melius quas suus ipse valor.
Nil vanum aut falsum; sed næ solenniter aut non
  Profert particulas, et sine fraude, duas.
Quodcunque affirmatu opus est, quodcunque negatu,
  Affirmat nude, simpliciterque negat.
O probitas primæva! an et hæc laudatur et alget;
  Nonne hæc emptores conciliare potest?
Næ! venit, ah! sane! multus venit emptor amicus,
  Multaque cum sancto fratre profana soror.

ÆNIGMA.

Parvula res, et acu minor est, et ineptior usu :
Quotque dies annus, tot tibi drachma dabit.
Sed licet exigui pretii minimique valoris,
Ecce, quot artificum postulat illa manus!
Unius in primis cura est conflare metallum;
In longa alterius ducere fila labor.
Tertius in partes resecat, quartusque resectum
Perpolit ad modulos attenuatque datos.
Est quinti tornare caput, quod sextus adaptet;
Septimus in punctum cudit et exacuit.
His tandem auxiliis ita res procedit, ut omnes
Ad numeros ingens perficiatur opus.
Quæ tanti ingenii, quæ tanti est summa laboris?
Si mihi respondes, Œdipe, tota tua est.

AN ENIGMA.

TRANSLATED BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,
In bulk and use, surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little and almost for nought,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procured at little cost,
The labour is not light;
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their several tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The shears another plies;
Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
For him, who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob, with which it must be crown'd;
His follower makes it fast:
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs awhile
The seventh and the last.

Now therefore! Œdipus! declare
What creature, wonderful, and rare,
A process, that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado,
At last produces!—tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

LABOR INEPTIARUM.

Ut genera et species dignoscat papilionum,
Sitque quibus maculis quisque, quibusque notis;
Quotquot agris volitant, studiose hinc colligit illinc,
Musæi ut servet Fulvius inter opes.
Thesaurum egregium! si quis foret usus habendi:
At cuinam hæc servit cura laborque bono!
Papilio, centum quamvis servetur in annos,
Nil nisi reliquiæ papilionis erit.

IN NUPTIAS SERENISSIMI AURANSIÆ PRINCIPIS, ANNO MDCCXXXIV.

Qui magnum exornas, princeps, virtutibus ortum,
  Auriacum nomen Nassoviamque domum;
Felicem in longum thalamum tibi musa precatur,
  Et quotquot dederit gaudia fidus Amor.
Jam non ut media cupimus statuatur in urbe,
  Hisce quod auxiliis nil Gulielmus eget.
Æra statim sordent, nigra ferrugine tincta;
  Et quæ non tempus marmora, livor edit.
Auriaci vultus quæ spirat imagine viva,
  Est quavis statua sanctior effigies.
Anglia si junctis valeatque Hollandia votis,
  In natis priscos tu revocabis avos;
Quæque nec æquabit saxum nec ahenea signa,
  Auriacæ genti tu monumenta dabis.

MEMO MISER NISI COMPARATUS.

Quis fuit infelix adeo! quis perditus æque!
  Conqueritur mœsto carmine tristis amans.
Non novus hic questus, rarove auditus; amantes,
  Deserti et spreti mille queruntur idem.
Fatum decantas quod tu miserabile, multus
  Deplorat multo cum Corydone Strephon.
Si tua cum reliquis confertur amica puellis,
  Non ea vel sola est ferrea, tuve miser.

IGNAVUM FUCOS, PECUS A PRÆSEPIBUS ARCENT.

Per Batavûm plateas (ita, gens operosa, cavetis)
  Mendicus nemo, nemo vagatur iners.
Non cæcus, non claudus iners; modo sint tibi, claude,
  Qui prosint, oculi; sint tibi, cæce, manus.
Non operum immunis puer est, non grandior ævo;
  Sed sua stant puero, stant sua pensa seni.
O prudens hominum respublica! natio vestra,
  In terris usquam si siet, Utopia est.

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

The lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses,
Still closing with a rueful cry,
" Was ever such a wretch as I?"
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply more.
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain:
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

PHŒBE ORNATRIX.

Dorinda ad speculum longas dum conterit horas,
Comprimat ut positas justior ordo comas;
Serva a secretis juxta stat sedula Phœbe,
In dominæ laudes officiosa suæ:

Omnia mirari præsens, crinemque, coloremque,
  Et molles oculos, purpureasque genas.
Quam bella hæc macula est, lævum quæ stringit ocellum!
  Ut veneres geminat lunula bina tuas!
Quam bene nativæ respondent omnia formæ!
  Ut gracilem attenuat zona reducta sinum!
Nec desunt huic obsequio sua munera; quanta
  Pro merito fas est proque valore dari.
Fasciolis Phœbe, Phœbe donata lacernis,
  Et placet, et quanti sit placuisse, docet.

ODOR LUCRI.

Paulina ad turrim qua semita ducit ab æde,
  Nomen de Thamisi flumine vicus habet.
Nequaquam violis conspergitur ille rosisque,
  Nedum olet, ut pictus floribus hortus olet.
Nec thus, nec nardum, nec aroma aut cinnama vendit,
  Aut felix quicquid mittit odoris Arabs,
Caseus ast illic, quem Cestria pressit, abundat
  Multus; et id sentis olfaciendo procul.
Millia lychnorum pendent ex ordine multa;
  Inque cadis sapo, pix, oleumque jacent.

Innumeræ haleces doliis cumulantur in amplis,
  Et salsamenti conditur omne genus.
Cæpe manu est majus, pætumque, oh nausea turpis !
  Hinc longe emunctæ, Cottile, naris abi.
Quæ te adeo offendunt, Thamisini sunt ea vici
  Divitiæ ; et cessat lucrum, ubi cessat odor.

DECOR INEMPTUS.

Fœmina munditiis simplex, cultuque pudica est,
  Quam tremulam a tremula religione vocant :
Illa, nihil sæc'li sapiens, nec crispat ad aures
  Crinem, nec collum nudat ad usque sinus.
Quam natura dedit, forma contenta, satisque
  Pulchra, adjumenti nil aliunde petit.
Tota placens, et tota decens, et tota venusta,
  Auget quas celat, quasque revelat opes.
Huic formam invideat, quæ formam accersit ab arte,
  Et pars exigua est ipsa puella sui :
Quæ, male dedignans nativis dotibus uti,
  Ornatum, sese quo dehonestet, emit.
Et simul agnoscat, veneres quando invidet istas,
  Quodcunque est simplex, illud et esse decens.

LIMAX.

FRONDIBUS et pomis herbisque tenaciter hæret
  Limax, et secum portat ubique domum.
Tutus in hac sese occultat, siquando peric'lum
  Imminet, aut subitæ decidit imber aquæ.
Cornua vel leviter tangas, se protinus in se
  Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares,
Secum habitat, quacunque habitat; sibi tota supellex;
  Solæ, quas adamat, quasque requirit, opes.
Secum potat, edit, dormit; sibi in ædibus îsdem
  Conviva et comes est, hospes et hospitium.
Limacem, quacunque siet, quacunque moretur,
  (Siquis eum quærat) dixeris esse domi.

THE SNAIL.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combin'd,)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

ΠΑΝΤΑ ΓΕΛΩΣ.

Heroum quo fama abiit! vulgataque quondam
Antiquis ubi sunt nomina in historiis!
Heu! quanta humanis insunt ludibria rebus!
Gloria, cum tantum gloria, quam nihili est!
Pompeium quis conjiceret nunc esse Molossum!
Cæsara quis Lanii crederet esse canem!
At sunt; rivales at sunt: certaminis (aut os
Aut offam carnis projice) testis eris.
Scipio, fulmen adhuc belli, tauro involat acer,
Et validos lacerat dente tenace toros.
Quod defensor erat Trojæ, defensor et horti est;
Et canis est Hector, quod fuit Hector homo.
Qui præter reliquos sævus sitiensque cruoris,
Ille, nec immerito, dicitur ille Nero.

Ut coriis fures unctis absterreat, ille
  Latratu multo perpete nocte furit.
En quo processit verborum injuria! Brutus
  Expellit porcos, et Cato servat oves.
At neque servatur major reverentia divis,
  At neque Cœlitibus nomina sancta magis:
Juno, Diana, Venus, quondam celebrata poëtis
  Numina, jam nuribus sunt gremialis Amor:
Curribus ad varios cœtus hinc inde feruntur;
  Seu fors templa magis, sive theatra juvent.
Si foret in terris Democritus, hanc quoque justam
  Materiem risus dixerit esse sui.

—— SI PROPIUS STES,
TE CAPIET MINUS.——

Londini ad pontem prono cum labimur amne,
  Quam tua dat turris dulce, Maria, melos!
Ut servat justum quævis campana tenorem!
  Pulsata ut variis contremit aura sonis!
Nec mora, nec requies; ripas concentibus implet,
  Alternans hilares ingeminansque vices.
Quo magis abscedis, tentat numerosior aurem
  Musica; lætantur corda, salitque jecur.
Talis ab harmonia surgit distante voluptas;
  Sin turrim introeas, omnia clangor erit.

INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.

Sedula per campos, nullo defessa labore,
  In cella ut stipet mella, vagatur apis:
Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,
  Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes;
Herbula gramineis vix una innascitur agris,
  Thesauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.
A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando
  Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.
Omnia delibat, parce sed et omnia, furti
  Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium.
Omnia degustat tam parce, ut gratia nulla
  Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor.
Non ita prædantur modice bruchique et erucæ;
  Non, ista hortorum maxima pestis, aves:
Non ita raptores corvi, quorum improba rostra
  Despoliant agros effodiuntque sata.
Succos immiscens succis, ita suaviter omnes
  Temperat, ut dederit Chymia nulla pares.
Vix furtum est illud, dicive injuria debet,
  Quod cera et multo melle rependit apis.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never-wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The canker-worm, indwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
  The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the seed from the bed,
  Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill,
  Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
  Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
  Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
  Neither honey nor wax would be left.

VULGUS NON RECTUM VIDET.

Si discum solis lunæ interceperit orbis,
  (Quod rarum non est dicere phænomenon)
Vitra statim infuscant alter speculator et alter,
  Nec possunt prorsus dissimulare metum.
At si, quod bino, quod trino haud accidit ævo,
  Horrendum longo crine cometa rubet;
Quod non prodigium cæli hæc denunciat ira!
  Interitum mundi, judiciique diem!
Continuo platea 'Miserere' auditur in omni;
  Quod pueri ingeminant, ingeminantque senes,

Lymphatis similes discurrunt undique nymphæ;
  Occultæ in cella quaque precantur anus.
Interea astronomus, specula observator in alta,
  Rerum hæc securo pectore monstra videt:
Scilicet hæc longum præsenserat ille futura:
  In tantum distant vulgus et astronomus.

USUS QUADRIGARUM.

In curru conduco locum, visurus amicum,
  Millia qui decies distat ab urbe novem
Impatiens auriga moræ nos urget, et, hora
  Cum nondum sonuit tertia, jungit equos.
Vix experrectus, media inter somnia, surgo,
  Per longum misere discutiendus iter.
Ingredior, sedeo; cubitumque coarctor utrumque;
  Atque duas pingues comprimor inter anus.
Cum matre e contra puer est, milesque protervus;
  Distento hos inter corpore caupo sedet.
Nec vix illuxit, quin hinc agitamur et illinc,
  Aspera qua ducit, qua salebrosa via.
Altera tussit anus, rixatur et altera; jurat
  Miles, ῥογκάζει caupo, vomitque puer.
Dulce sodalitium! si sint hæc usque quadrigis
  Commoda, maluerim longius ire pedes.

PASSERES INDIGENÆ;

COLL. TRIN. CANT. COMMENSALES.

INCOLA qui nôrit sedes, aut viserit hospes,
  Newtoni egregii quas celebravit honos;
Viditque et meminit, lætus fortasse videndo,
  Quam multa ad mensas advolitârit avis.
Ille nec ignorat, nidos ut, vere ineunte,
  Tecta per et forulos et tabulata struat:
Ut coram educat teneros ad pabula fœtus,
  Et pascat micis, quas det amica manus.
Convivas quoties campanæ ad prandia pulsus
  Convocat, haud epulis certior hospes adest.
Continuo, jucunda simul vox fertur ad aures,
  Vicinos passer quisque relinquit agros.
Hospitium ad notum properatur; et ordine stantes
  Expectant panis fragmina quisque sua.
Hos tamen, hos omnes, vix uno largior asse:
  Sumptus per totam pascit alitque diem.
Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quisquam inviderit) assem
  Indigenæ, hospitii jure, merentur aves.

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

None ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome,
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell,
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,

Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge;
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

PLANETÆ SUNT HABITABILES.

JAMDUDUM terras vatum labor improbus omnes
Aonio implevit cantu; venere vocatæ
Quoscunque ad colles, quæcunque ad flumina musæ.
Nos sedes alias, alios exquirimus orbes;
Nos ferri impavido vastum per inane volatu
Ingens urget amor; juvat, o, juvat ire per ignes
Æthereos, lustrare alti vaga lumina cæli,
Stellarumque aperire domos. Quis in ardua tauri
Culmina me sistet, dorsove imponet Atlantis?
Hic oculis, Galilæe, tuis, nexuque tuborum
Instructus, celeri volventia sidera motu,
Mille alias terras, maria altera millia cernam.
Fas erit ingenti ducentem sæcula gyro
Saturnum spectare gravem. Jam languidus ævo
Vix graditur: vetat hinc atque hinc lentissima moles,
Informi concreta gelu; circum atra pererrat
Caligo tenebrarum, et sævi frigoris horror.

Haud niveos usquam tondentes prata juvencos
Cernere erit, lati nec aperta per æquora campi
Evolat Eleüs sonipes; genus acre luporum
Aspera nutrit hiems, ululantque in montibus ursi.
Nec moliri arces, ferro aut proscindere glebam,
Cura subit populos; labor unus et una voluptas
In sylvis agitare feras, nudoque sub axe
Indormire solo, et traducere duriter ævum.

Tuque etiam nostrum poscis, Saturnie, carmen;
Piscibus apta tibi sunt æquora, sunt tibi sylvæ,
Fontesque irrigui; neque culta novalia desunt;
Nec gens dura virûm, mentis quibus alma vigorem
Indulsit natura, et firmo corpore finxit.

Tuque canendus eris, genitor Gradive, rubenti
Igne potens; tu bella ferox lethumque per orbem
Spiculaque, gladiosque, atque artes mille nocendi
Dispergis, tibi sacra parat jam dirus Iberus,
Auspiciisque tuis ductus spem ponit in armis.
At tu, magne pater, Britonas, Britonumque labores
Respice; sique tuo Henrici, si numine ducti
Cressiacos Edoardi implêrunt stragibus agros,
Atque ultra oceanum lætos egere triumphos,
Frange manu telum Hispani prædonis, et ipsum
Pronum sterne solo, atque irata disjice fronte.

Mercurio Venerique sui debentur honores,
Artibus hic animum, molli imbuit altera amore;
Quis dubitat, quin intus alat vos spiritus idem,
Qui nos, et toto pariter se misceat orbe?
Haud vobis populos hilares, nymphasque decoras

Deesse putem; superincumbat licet igneus ardor,
Vicinique urat nimia inclementia solis.
Et te, fida comes Terræ, te, Luna, canemus,
Indigenasque tuos, quos nunquam lucidus æther
Deserit, aut tenues puris cum solibus auræ.
Immanis jam Turca tuo inflammatus honore,
Sperat inaccessos populos retinere catenis;
Et, si non fallant Meccani oracula vatis,
Ævo defunctus misero, Martisque labore,
Auspiciis mox, diva, tuis securus, in ævum
Gaudia multijugæ Veneris novus incola carpet.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis posterioribus, 1718-19.

CAMERA OBSCURA.

Nocturnum Zeuxem, variæ subtemina lucis,
Et picturatam sine succo et arundine chartam,
Phœbe, canas, lucis deus idem et carminis idem.
Ergo age, quæ Borean a fronte exceptet, opacam
Constituas Cameram: valvas utrinque fenestræ
Obde prius, nullamque sinas in pariete rimam
Hiscere, per tenues ne lux ingressa meatus
Confundat teneras species, formasque caducas.
Exiguum tamen in valvis pertunde foramen,
Qua radii introeant, lævique huic insere vitro
Tornatam, modicoque rotundam gibbere lentem;
Et pone albentem digito suspende tabellam.

Huc species rerum illapsæ, qua porta patescit,
Sponte sua intrabunt, et puncto temporis uno
Per chartam automatas cernes volitare figuras.
Tales, siqua fides Epicuro, e corpore sensim
Membranæ aufugiunt; oculis sese ingerit ultro
Lamina, sensibilique intrans ferit organa pulsu.
Jam vero, qua vi refringat vitreus umbo
Exceptos lucis radios, qua lege vagantes
Colligat in nodum complexus, et ima supremis
Vertat; cur amet obtentas pictura tenebras,
Judicis arguti quum non formidet acumen,
Expediat physicus—neque enim datur omnia scire
Vatibus—hoc unum satis est cognoscere, quod non
Incassum, velutique ipsi, natura laborat.
Quare age, quæ sensu fuerint magis obvia, mecum
Conspice, nec causas rerum scrutare repos'tas.
Ecce superficies, quam quondam ingloria nudam
Vestiit albedo, ceu mille coloribus Iris
Imbuta, ostentat varii discrimina fuci,
Luxuriemque novam, lautoque superbit amictu.
Cernis ut incepit nullo flavescere cultu
Extemplo matura seges; jam suave rubentes
Area sponte sua fundit tibi Dædala flores.
Hic mole exigua turres, simulataque magnis
Tecta angusta vides: sed prono vertice turris
Desuper impendens nutat, summusque deorsum
Vergit apex: cælum subsedit ad ima tabellæ,
Summa petens emersit humus: sic rusticus olim
Credidit antipodum sursum vestigia niti,

Impositoque hærere solo; miratus abunde,
Quod non præcipiti lapsu petat ardua cæli
Pendula turba ruens, subjectaque sidera pulset.
  Hic etiam motum, quem non est ausus Apelles
Moliri, pictum aspicias. Ut gramina flabris
Summa tremunt, undantque levi sinuamine fluctus!
Mimica nunc hominum effigies, nunc charta ferarum
Mentitur simulacra modis volitantia miris.
Certatim properant tenues arcessere vitas,
Progenies hodierna; et plurima spirat imago,
Miraturque novas formas, et non sua membra.
  Jamque equitem, siquem fors huc advexerit, ultro
Arripis, inque tuam cogis migrare tabernam,
Nec tamen impedias iter, aut sis causa morandi.
  Hic avidos pavisse oculos, salvoque pudore
In caput excussam fas est vidisse puellam.
Ut graciles artus tenuantur! ut ambitus imæ
Vestis in exiguum tandem concluditur orbem,
Quam tamen in quartam sartor porrexerat ulnam!
Scilicet hoc etiam est similis pictura puellæ,
Quod tangi metuens prensantem lubrica dextram
Exultim fugit, elusumque relinquit amantem.
  Jam satis est: tectum tandem lux intret apertum:
Prisca redit chartæ albedo, fluxumque nitorem
Exuit, et lautam tanta farragine pompam;
Gloriaque in tenues dilapsa resolvitur auras.
Usque adeo quæ lux illustrat cætera, nostram
Obscurat scenam, et nimio fit inutilis usu.
  Sic quondam Lemures sublustri noctis in umbra

Exiles agitant choreas, et luce maligna
Rara per angustum plebecula saltitat orbem;
Mox jubar exoriens pallentes discutit umbras,
Spectraque cognatam repetunt evanida noctem.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis posterioribus, 1720.

DEUS EST COGNOSCIBILIS LUMINE NATURÆ.

Principiis rerum cœcis festiva choreis
Materies fertur lepidos habuisse tumultus,
Et variis plagis, vario se agitâsse labore;
Sed tandem impatiens lusus et militiaï
Ridiculæ, hunc orbem blande sopita creâsse;
Se paribus miscere paresque adjungere formis
Particulæ, pulchrumque adeo procudere mundum.
Impia fœcundum hinc sparsit sapientia virus,
Credidit hinc orbem nulla ratione revolvi,
Consilio nullo fabricatum; hinc, more gigantum,
Ipsos luctata est superis divellere regnis
Divos, et vacuum finxit sine numine cælum.
Dissimiles veri ratio studiosa chimæras
Ridet; ut expansis leviter sese exerit alis!
Spernit humum volitans altum, gestitque latentem
Indagare Deum, campo jam læta patente,
Sidereas mirata domos, aut cærula regna;
Jam varios sequitur flexus, sinuosaque claustra
Recludens naturæ, invento numine gaudet.

Nam si non aliis sese vinxere catenis
Fundamenta orbis, si nulla lege tenentur,
Cur non materies, veteris vix immemor iræ,
Rursus bella ciet, renovataque prælia miscet,
Disruptique ruit moles et machina mundi?
Quæ suspensa tenet liquido vis corpora cælo?
Unde est, quod pacem Saturnus cum Jove servet
Perpetuam; neque bella paret Mars proximus? unde
Limitibus fixis contenta Venus? neque terram
Mercurius rapide sibi furtivo attrahat orbe?
Unde fit, ut tristis vastum per inane cometa
Versetur rapido cum turbine, nec tamen ultra
Ellipsim positam valeat certasque vagari
Metas; quin iterum redeat, cursuque peracto
Ter centum annorum, terris ferale rubentem
Ostentet crinem, et cauda perterreat orbem?
His super, infixus solio, sol vendicat almus
Imperium, ne discordes simul orbibus orbes
Confundant, subitasque trahant secum inde ruinas.
At frustra longe distantia corpora Phœbus
Imperio premeret, nisi vis divinior illis
Incubet, immensa mundi se mole remiscens.

Præterea nullus si spiritus intus alebat
Orbem, qui dextra mundi torqueret habenas,
Quis matutinos soles, nocturnaque roris
Distillat dona, atque exornat frugibus annum?
Quis moriente die candentia sidera nasci
Jusserat, accendique alieno lumine lunam?
Quis terram pingit decoratque? injussa virescunt

Gramina? sponte sua tepefacta repullulat herba?
Temporis unde vices? glaciali flumina fræno
Stringere quis potis est, solidosque resolvere rivos?
Humanum unde genus, speciesque tot undique brutæ?
Scilicet e nimium fœcundo viscere terræ?
Nec te crediderim, mulier, mutabile semper
Sis licet, et teneas discordia semina rerum,
Materiæ prolem rixosæ et munera sortis.
Si nullis potuit numen cognoscere signis
Vis animæ, si nulla forent vestigia cœli,
Unde Jovem Martemque deos finxere protervos
Immersæ tenebris gentes, pietate profanæ?
Unde deûm numerosa cohors summi atria cœli
Numinibus fictis onerârunt? scilicet unum
Hoc fuit, at vario signatum nomine numen.
Nequicquam tentes rationi obducere nubem,
Nequicquam falli insudes; en! cuncta loquuntur
Artificem, et variæ tribuunt donaria laudis.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis prioribus, 1715-16.

LATERNA MEGALOGRAPHICA.

Exiles magico formas effingere lusu
Aggredior, circumfusisque aperire tenebris
Lucida non ipsi spectacula cognita Phœbo.
Effer opus lepidum, poscentibus effer amicis

Laternam, nunc obde fores, nunc obde fenestras,
Propellens radios infestaque tela diei:
Nempe leves minima absorbentur luce figuræ,
Nubila amant, solaque volunt sub nocte videri.
Haud aliter cum furvæ horrenda noctis in umbra
Artem iterat vetitam saga obscœnumque laborem,
Disruptisque audet tumulis arcessere manes;
Solis equi errantes animas ad tartara cogunt,
Sævisque aërium dissolvunt flatibus agmen.

En! subito murum signat, radiisque malignis
Perscindit nebulas obstantes igneus umbo,
Ingens, sanguineumque micans, vexata furore
Thessalico, tali despectat Cynthia vultu
Hiscentes terras, et spectra meantia cernit.

Protinus accedunt mista sub imagine monstra,
Undique collatis discordia corpora membris.
Hic festiva aures satyrorum turba protervas
Erigit, et caudam vibrat, luditque, salitque,
Oraque terribili torquet larvata cachinno.
Avertor tetrum aspectum, tædetque tueri
Amplius.—Egregios ostendit scena triumphos
Splendidior; regumque apices, procerumque coronas
Undique conspicio tremulas, nymphasque nitentes.

Proximus a tergo it nymphis (quis dignior iret?)
Notus eques, nympharum ultor, ferroque draconem
Deprimit insurgens; nequicquam bellua nodos
Mille plicat, caudam insinuans, linguamque minacem;
Ille jacenti instat, telisque retundit inanes
Attollentem iras, et flammea colla tumentem:

Ter felix! sed jam brevis heu victoria! longum
Nec tu, victor eques, nec tu spectabere, serpens.
  Hinc, procul hinc bellorum iræ, cædisque cruenta
Abscedat facies.—Placidum caput ecce! Lyæus
Intulit, et lætos expandit frontis honores.
Ardent suffusi generoso munere vultus,
Purpureisque rubent intextæ crinibus uvæ.
Ille abit—usque adeo brevis est humana voluptas!
Insigne horrendum lethi, tumulique supellex,
Continuo subit os hominis, cui gratia nudas
Nulla genas vestit, nullique in vertice crines;
Hinc atque hinc rarus fracti circum oris hiatum
Dens hæret passim; excutitur defossus utraque
Sede oculus mœstumque intus spectatur inane.
  Avolat hæc subito notissima mortis imago,
At magis horrendum, magis illætabile spectrum
Adventare monet; sensim se tarda tenebris
Effert effigies (qualis nec tristior ulla
Terret anum, hybernæ per dira silentia noctis,
Sopitum dum sola sedens dormitat ad ignem;
Cum certos umbræ adventus subitusque lucernæ
Præsignat pallor tractæ stridorque catenæ)
Descendit stola lugubris de vertice ad imos
In nodum collecta pedes; tædam illa sinistra
Prætendit feralem, et formidabile pallet.
O nunquam tibi visendi tam funebre monstrum
Sit studium, virgo; in somnis tibi triste recurret
Visum; sudabis frustra, frustraque requires
Quem prenses arcto amplexu trepidisque lacertis,

Heu! longam damnans noctem vacuumque cubile.
  Tali formarum farragine mœnia fulgent:
Sin spatio abfuerit paries tibi longius æquo,
Apparet rudis, indigesto lumine, moles;
Debilis haud nitet, indiscretaque languet imago.
Qualis ubi primo tabulam molimine pictor
Tinxerit, et nullo diffuderit ordine succos,
Dispersas circum nubes, dubiamque figuram
Cernis, et informes fuci splendentis acervos.
  Nunc absiste, fores aperi, valvasque reclude:
Ecce perit tenuis, Phœbo redeunte, colorum
Tractus, et umbrarum vestigia fluxa recedunt.
Corpora sic molli dum vincta sopore quiescunt,
Plurima pertentant animos simulacra vagantes,
Nunc homines, celeresque feræ, pictæque volucres,
Funera, Pompæ, adeunt nullo fugiuntque tenore,
Insomnis lusus animi: mox luce propinqua,
Ruptus abit somnus; sanas phantasma relinquit
Excussum mentes, verusque reducitur ordo,
Et facies rerum manifesto lumine ridet.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis prioribus, 1720-21.

SONUS PROPAGATUR PER AEREM.

Riphæi super arva soli, camposque nivales
Gentis hyperboreæ, septem subjecta Trioni
Porrigitur tellus; Zemblam dixere minores.
'lic, ut perhibent, tristem penetrabile vincit

Frigus humum, rapidoque ruentia flumina cursu
In solidam vertit glaciem, et (mirabile dictu!)
Aëris in magnum sævit mare; molle fluentum
Vi cohibet multa per parvos bruma meatus
Didita, nec Zephyro impelli scit mobilis humor.
  Hinc non est tremulæ voci via libera, at ipsa
Verba gelu frænat; nix acri astricta pruina
Cana cadens premit, et circum undique fusa coercet.
Namque ubi per patulas, facili jam tramite, fauces
Rasit iter liquidum sonus, oris protinus hæret
Vestibulum ante ipsum, et labrorum in limine primo
Sistit; nec reperire viam, atque attingere metas
Optatas potis est, et jam frustratur hiantes.
Usque adeo inceptis sermonibus invida Juno
Obstat; quæque loquax nimis, æthera sæpius implet
Voce, potens ipsum lingua superare tonantem,
Nec missas audire sinit nec reddere voces.
  Non tamen hæ rapidis volitant ludibria ventis
Dispersæ temere in cælo, neque frigida formas
Tempestas miscet teneras, turbantve procellæ:
Densat hiems, solidoque super duramine vincit.
  Ergo vana ferunt vocum simulacra vagari
Aëris in campis latis, defunctaque vita
Murmura; multa cavis quærit se condere sacris
Umbra querelarum; sunt et sua sæpe cachinnis
Spectra, suosque pati fama est suspiria manes.
Multaque præterea variorum monstra sonorum
Discurrunt, errantque cavæ sub imagine formæ;
Donec vere novo tereas Sol lumine mulcet,

Et reserat tepidas Zephyris labentibus auras.
Aërias calor ille vias, et rara relaxat
Spiramenta, aures sonitus qua lubricus intret.
Tum vero reddi deinde, et resoluta referri,
Irrita quæ frigus taciturno clauserat antro,
Et simili jam nunc sensus penetrare figura.

Nec mora; se primo vinc'lis exolvere mollis
Turba susurrorum, liquefactaque stridere tentat.
Addunt se socios crepitus, facilesque sequuntur,
Jamdudum emissi Batavûm femoralibus amplis;
Continuo toto fragor aridus undique cælo
Auditur, strepitusque et inania sibila miscet.
Mox propius tenues, nec jam confusa, per auras
Circum verba fremunt: vicinæ syllaba fida
It comes a tergo; nec longum tempus, et ipse
Clarescit certo notus discrimine sermo.

Nec vero cunctis idem datur exitus umbris;
Namque leves verborum animæ, quæ Gallica fudit
Lingua, fugam properant, et fulguris ocyor alis
Ardet abire cohors simul omnis, et advolat aures.
At contra, Hispano quicunque caducus ab ore
Exibat sonitus, tardo ferit organa pulsu,
Et lenta vix vix cum majestate movetur.

Navita si guttur, nondum æthere raucus aperto,
Tartareum intendens, comites clamore ciebat,
Agnoscit reducem longo post tempore fletum,
Miraturque simul questus sociosque receptos.
Forte novus turbat, media inter gaudia, pulsans
Corda pavor; sævire ursi, rabidique videntur

Circum ululare lupi; quorum, dum bruma manebat,
Cum gemitu fugere animæ, dubiamque superstes
Sollicitat fremitus mentem, et vox posthuma terret.
  Haud equidem credo spreta decedere Cypro
Idaliæque jugis Venerem, gelidaque sub arcto
Instaurare choros; si quis tamen hoc quoque, siquis
Captus amore legat littus, te, Phylli, Myricæ,
Te nemus omne canit; formosam arbusta Lycorin,
Formosam doctæ resonant Amaryllida sylvæ.
Respondent pulsæ valles, iteratque jocosa
Nomen imago; rudis stupet arguti incola luci
Accipiens dulces summo de monte querelas,
Incertus, Geniumne loci, Faunosne locutos
Esse putet: fausto mox nescius omine gaudet,
Indigitesque Deos, et Numina ruris adorat.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis posterioribus, 1721.

DEFENDIT NUMERUS.

Blandior indulsit, felis, tibi parca; novena
  Nam tibi net Lachesis fila novena colo.
Hinc, si missa voles celsi de culmine tecti,
  Decidis in tutos præcipitata pedes.
Nec, miseram licet infestent laniique canesque,
  Te lanii exanimant, exanimantve canes.
Si moriare semel, si bis, si terve, quaterve,
  Plusquam dimidia parte superstes eris.

PAUPER JOHANNES;

POCULUM SIC DICTUM :

COLL. TRIN. CANT.

DONO DATUM.

INSIGNIS fama scyphus est, et splendidus usu,
Qui suum ab inscripto* carmine nomen habet,
Nocturnus studiis sæpe ille adjutor, alumnus
Cum solus fruitur se fruiturque libris :
Nec comes ingratus, pætum cum leniter haurit,
Et reficit sese lentus odore tubi.
At non immodicos potanti sufficit haustus ;
Mensura cyathos vix superante duos.
Quanquam nec titulos, et avita insignia præfert,
Nec quid paupertas ambitionis habet ;
Nec Barringtonio similes ostentat honores,
Cristamque et scutum, sanguineamque† manum :
Atqui animi memoris, gratique est pectoris index ;
Est etiam in parvo munere dantis amor.
Nomina cum majora scyphis exederit ætas,
Nec distincta suis nec memoranda notis ;
Pauper Johannes seris testabitur annis,
Versu, quem simplex, sed pia, musa canit ;
Non esse argenti pondus, quod dona, sed esse
Donantis mentem, quæ pretiosa facit.

* Inscribitur poculo hoc distichon :
"Pauper Johannes, dictus cognomine Clarkson,
Hunc cyathum dono gratuitoque dedit."

† Insigne baronetti.

SELLA PACIFICA.

Utilis est cathedra, et multo superimminet amni,
Rerum, ubi nascuntur jurgia, certa salus;
Effrænem cohibet quæ linguam, et temperat iras,
Nec sinit, ut ratio deserat imperium.
In qua Xantippe quæcunque immergitur undis
Ter quater, innocua mitior exit ove.
Nec quidquam irarum reminiscitur illa; furoris
Tam cito defervet vis animique cadunt.
Quid docet hæc sella, attente perpenderis; et nil
Socraticam dices par docuisse scholam.

PERVENIRI AD SUMMUM NISI EX PRINCIPIIS NON POTEST.

Newtonum ingentem, lumen non unius ævi,
A. B. quæ docuit prima, magistra fuit.
Doctior ille statim vetula, cito sensit inani
Quiddam his literulis majus inesse sono.
Protinus egregios elementis repperit usus;
Usus, quos nunquam conjiciebat anus.
Notosque ignotis numeros conferre peritus,
Inde potestates format utrisque datas.
Laudo tamen vetulæ præcepta ea primula, quæque
Newtoni haud dubitem dicere Principia.

SPE FINIS.

AD dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque reditque,
  Deprensum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet.
Et legit et relegit gressus, sese explicet unde,
  Perplexum quærens unde revolvat iter.
Sta modo, respira paulum, simul accipe filum ;
  Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.
Sic te, sic solum, expedies errore : viarum
  Principium invenias, id tibi finis erit.

OPTIMUM EST CONVIVIUM,

IN QUOD CHORAULES NON VENIT.

MAGNA instauravit Macedo convivia victor,
  Adjuvit festas et citharista dapes :
Heroum cecinit simul ille ingentia facta
  Argivûm, in Persis qui cecidere plagis :
Exarsit juvenis, dederat quas Musicus, iris ;
  Nec longum, exclamat, victor inultus ero.
Et triste o facinus ! Persepolis illa venusta
  Urbs fuit, æquavit quam citharœdus humo.

THE MAZE.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

From right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth, you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain;
Stand still and breathe, and take from me
A clew, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You enter'd easily—find where—
And make, with ease, your exit there!

QUOD TIBI VIS, ID ALTERI ET TU FECERIS.

Officiosa senem, succincta, et sedula (fingit
  Sic tabula Heemskirkî ludicra) tondet anus.
Inque vices (idem sic ludit amabile pictor)
  Æqua tondet anum conditione senex.
Cum vetulus sit uterque, et sit barbatus uterque,
  Fas est, alterius poscat ut alter opem.

NULLI TE FACIAS NIMIS SODALEM.

PALPAT heram felis, gremio recubans in anili;
  Quam semel atque iterum Lydia palpat hera.
Ludum lis sequitur; nam totos exerit ungues,
  Et longo lacerat vulnere felis anum.
Continuo exardens gremio muliercula felem
  Nec gravibus multis excutit absque minis,
Quod tamen haud æquum est.—Si vult cum fele jocari,
  Felinum debet Lydia ferre jocum.

——— MINOREM NE LÆDAS, CAVE.

CORPORIS exigui, sed magni est nominis auctor,
  Quem vexat scriptus non ita parva manus.
Ille diu tacitus, sed non perterritus, iram
  Ingenti tectam pectore dissimulat.
Ex improviso cum tandem Duncias exit;
  Bilem babet et totus, fel, aloenque, liber:
Dixerit ut monitus quivis, læsisse gigantem
  Tutius, exiguum quam tetigisse virum.

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

As in her ancient mistress' lap
  The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
  Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
  And with protruded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
  Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
  She shakes her to the ground
With many a threat, that she shall bleed
  With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest;
  It was a venial stroke:
For she that will with kittens jest,
  Should bear a kitten's joke.

CONSULE, QUID VALEANT HUMERI.

Robustis fert mundum humeris, et pondere curvus
Sudat, et ingenti mole laborat Atlas.
Quos nervos, quam cervicem, quæ brachia, crurum
Quam validos nexus tam grave poscit onus!
O caute incedas; minimus nam si tibi lapsus
Offendat gressus, omnia corruimus.

OBSUNT AUCTORIBUS ARTES.

Instrumenta necis, quæ nitrum et sulphura miscet,
In flammam ignescit, subruiturque mola.
Cuncta volant, lacerique artus et saxa trabesque,
Et distans subito fulmine terra tremit.
Triste genus lethi! sed quo, si funere tali
Dignus erat quisquam, dignus et auctor erat.

UT VIVAS, VIGILA.

Cui mors est lucrum, cui mors est janua vitæ,
Tristia qui curat funera, tristis homo est:
Discurrit totam venaticus ille per urbem,
Ille quis ægrotat, quis moriturque, rogat.
Curre, puer, sonuitne, roga, campana? fenestra,
Indicium mortis, quæ sit aperta, vide.
Alter enim, satagas ni sic vigilare, cadaver,
Qui mihi præripiet, vultur, et alter erit.

TEMPORE NIL FACIAS ALIENO.

AD modulum capitis se Flavia crispat ovini,
Et collum ad medios nudat anile sinus.
Ista parum prosunt: nulla celabitur arte,
Quæ vetulum infecit cana senecta caput.
Nec bene conveniet rugis adsumere nugas,
Quas nuribus nostris Gallia vana dedit.
Quod sis, esse velis; et cum revocare juventam,
Flavia, non poteris, sis patienter anus.

—— Τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ,
Πῶς ἅμα σοι κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοι γελάσω.

IN tabulis binos fratres persæpe videre est,
Utrumque, ut tradit fama vetusta, senem.
Hic sese in risum, patulo sine dentibus ore,
Solvit, et humanas res facit esse jocum:
In lacrymas fusus vultuque heu! tetricus ille
Rebus in humanis nil nisi triste videt.
Ridenti aut flenti credis? si credis utrique,
Sunt res humanæ flebile ludibrium.

SIS QUOD VIS, DUMMODO SIS ALIQUID.

AGRICOLAM errantem fatuus qui decipit ignis,
Incertum lumen dat, subitoque fugit:
Nescio quid liceat te dicere, flamma jocosa,
Cum toties aliquid sis, totiesque nihil.

——— E TURRIBUS ALTIS
DAT CAMPANA SONUM.

WOLSÆAS arces, arces quibus almus Apollo
Præsidet, ingenti Clusius ore quatit.
Clusi, utcunque quatis firmissima mœnia, quis non
Communes tecum vellet habere lares?

WESTMONASTERII Thomas dum deserit arces,
Eque ruinosa turre coactus abit;
Ignotam Pauli migrans novus hospes ad ædem
Ingemit, et gemitu rumpit utrumque latus.
Rumpitur, et rumpatur; erat nam corde papista,
Qui poterat Paulo præposuisse Petrum.

IN OBITUM DECANI ALDRICH.

HIS SALTEM ACCUMULEM DONIS, ET FUNGAR INANI
MUNERE.

CUM subit illius lætissima frontis imago,
Quam nostri toties explicuere sales;
Cum subit et canum caput, et vigor acer ocelli,
Et digna mistus cum gravitate lepos:

Solvimur in lacrymas; et inania munera versus
  Ad tumulum sparsis fert Elegeia comis.
Aldricio, debent cui munera tanta camœnæ,
  Hoc tribuisse, parum est; non tribuisse, scelus.

PONITUR in busto si quando nobilis Indus,
  Exornat tristem merx pretiosa pyram.
Tu tecum, Aldrici, mandas tua scripta cremari:
  Non alio fuerant digna perire rogo.

QUÆ suaves Arabum volucres colit unica terras,
  Cum jam illi Parcæ fila suprema legunt,
Thure struit nidum, et multo se concremat igne;
  Dumque ardent cineres, altera surgit avis.
Funeris est dispar tibi fatum, Aldrice, secundum
  Non datur e busto surgere posse tuo.

FALLERE CREDENTEM NON RES OPEROSA.

DUM mentita genus, cultusque induta viriles,
  Romanum gessit Papa Joanna pedum;
Fæmineæ fraudi grex se commisit ineptus,
  Atque pie verum credidit esse senem.
Pastori nimium tu, Roma, heu credula; namque,
  Si nequeat falli, fallere Papa potest.

EPILOGUE TO THE ADELPHI,

SPOKEN BY CANTHARA,

ENGLISHED.

Poor nurse is sent to bid you all good b'ye,
A plain, but neat and tight old woman I,
(Except what should excepted be, you know,)
A very meer old trot from top to toe.
But come, dear Faustus, try enchantments here,
And make e'en me a blooming maid appear;
To look with beauty, and to move with ease,
And nicely taught a thousand ways to please.
[*She waves a wand.*
Speak, do long lappets wanton wave in air,
Does the strait cawl press down my auburn hair?
Are patches rang'd of large and smaller size?
Bare to my snowy chest, say, does my bosom rise?
My spreading hoop raise stiff its ampler sphere,
A sevenfold arch, an amphitheatre?
Ah! conjurer Faustus, vain thy wand and skill,
Nor are old women witches when they will.
[*She breaks the wand.*
Old as I was, I am; whate'er they say,
Grey were my locks before, and still are grey.
No strutting hoop my dangling clothes bears out,
Red was, and red remains, my petticoat.

EPILOGUS CANTHARÆ,

AD TERENTII ADELPHOS.

Missa peroratum venio paupercula nutrix,
Simplicis et mundæ sedulitatis anus;
Moribus, ornatuque, exceptis excipiendis,
A capite ad calcem Canthara vera—mera.

Quin ades, o bone Fauste,* et me quoque finge puellam,
Pulchram, habilem, instructam mille placere modis.
Lintea num fluitant a vertice longa? capillum
Num mihi compressum multa retorquet acus?
Num maculis varior majoribus atque minutis?
Collane marmoreos nudor ad usque sinus?
Amplo circuitu se sublevat amphitheatrum?
Dicite septeno num stat in orbe rigor?

Ut spe lactamur vetulæ! nil virgula prodest,
Nil prosunt artes, improbe Fauste, tuæ.
Canthara adhuc, eadem sum Canthara: vitta tegebat
Canos, et canos nunc quoque vitta tegit.
Lenta mihi pendet vestis, quæ lenta pependit;
Et pepla ipsa eadem, quæ rubuere, rubent.

* Magicam Fausti virgulam intellige.

My old wife's trinkets still hang jingling down,
The same the nodding of my steeple crown.
My pulse beats slow and dull, my teeth are gone,
Not one colt's tooth is left, not half a one.
Hair thinly scattered on my cheek there grows,
Where bloom'd the lily once, where blush'd the rose.

Nor yet accuse I Fate, or rail at Time,
Whose stealing years have spoil'd my former prime.
Your powerful smiles can gladsome youth restore;
If you applaud her, nurse is old no more.

RESPUE QUOD NON ES.

Convivas inter superos, Vulcane, ministrans
Nectareos haustus cur male fundis humi?
Te decet Ætneis potius sudare caminis,
Inter Cyclopas dum grave fervet opus.
Sint manibus fabricata tuis data tela Tonanti;
Sint Ganymedea pocula mixta manu.

Ecce idem ad zonam tinnit mihi cultus anilis;
Idem in turrito vertice nutat apex.
Torpet iners venis etiamnum sanguis; in ore
Nec mihi pullinus dens, neque denticulus.
Inque genas subiit mihi pilus et alter et alter,
Lilia quas memini, quas decorâsse rosas.
Nec tamen incuso Parcas; nec questibus ægris
Ingemo damnosam me minuisse diem.
Restituet lætam mihi gratia vestra juventam:
Plaudite vos faciles—Canthara non anus est.

——GRANDE DOLORIS INGENIUM.

CARCERE clausa nigro dum flet Philomela, nefandum
Ingenio prodit, quod nequit ore, scelus.
Tereos incesti depingit callida crimen
Veste super, docta quam variavit acu.
Quid non posse putas fieri, dictante dolore?
Aut ubi non lingua est, si neque dextra tacet?

PROLOGUE TO IGNORAMUS,

BY ANTONIUS.

Once in an age let Ignoramus come
To make a visit near his proper home;
Long is it since at Cambridge he appear'd,
And from that time (I speak with due regard)
He has not oft at Westminster been heard.
If any such there be among the gown,
He's some recorder of a factious town,
Or petty manager against the crown.
An Ignoramus amongst all the swarm,
Can not be seen here ev'ry day in term;
None to the bar or to the bench pretends,
But he that laws with eloquence defends.
Against the gown no evil we intend,
On them our glebe and future tithes depend;
All we propose is to give some delight,
A scholar-like diversion for a night.
For at the ancient seat of learning, where
This play first enter'd on a theatre,
The gravest students deign'd to have a share.
And twice, if Cambridge poets rightly sing,
Did Ignoramus entertain a king.
The character his pleasant humour hit;
The king with gracious mirth had like to split—
There was another rhyme, but not so fit.
Our hope is then, though black should be our doom,
If less diverted, you'll go sweeter home.

EPILOGUS ÆTHIOPISSÆ,

AD TERENTII EUNUCHUM.

Opprobrium in sexus, statua taciturnior ipsa;
Et pro persona dramatis umbra fui.
Sic auctor voluit, sic Afræ haud candidus Afer;
Quam non humanum! quam populare parum!
Quin tandem adventum vobis, festiva corona,
Ipsa meis verbis gratulor, ore meo.
Spectatum venio: venioque ut specter et ipsa;
Est etiam in nostro multa colore fides.
Est mea (si qua mihi est) sine fuco, fraude, vel arte,
Nescia mutari forma, suique tenax.
Unguentis utor nullis, medicamine nullo;
Quid juvet, ignoro, Regia mellis aqua.
Nec maculis stellata hic interspergor et illic;
Non equidem nigra nigrior esse velim.
Lotio sola mihi est de pura et simplice lympha;
Et vereor, quam sit vanus et iste labor.
At nivei mihi sunt, pæti sine pulvere, dentes;
Quale nec Indorum purius albet ebur.
Sideribus similes fulgere videtis ocellos,
Angliacam possent qui decorare nurum.
Mollitiem talpæ superant mea labra: quis, ecquis
Libabit—quam sunt oscula mollicula?
Hæc ego liberius; sed salvo, ut spero, pudore:
Cernitis ingenuus signat ut ora rubor!
Sin minus oblectem, tot flammas inter et ignes;
(Usque adeo est nostræ lux inimica cuti)
Si placet, extingui tantum mandate lucernas;
Protinus in tenebris altera Thaïs ero.

EPILOGUE TO ANDRIA,

BY SIMO.

Room here—for I am come to vent my joy;
Son Pamphilus has got a chopping boy.
Much preparation there has been, I see.
Against this time, though all unknown to me.
Here stood a tankard worthy of its wine,
There did a cradle in rich damask shine,
Caps, clouts, and swaddling clothes hung dangling on
the line:
For sons get children at their fathers' cost,
All things are trim, but we must pay the roast.
But yet here may remain a dismal scene,
All are perplext 'twixt joy and fear within:
Mysis, poor tim'rous soul! forgets to prattle;
And, what's more strange, the toping nurse her bottle;
Crito, poor man! longs to be jogging home,
But dares not stir before he knows his doom.
To keep us all in temper then, I pray,
Smile on the entertainment of this play;
Dismiss us kindly to our sugar'd sack,
And make it not indeed a groaning cake:
So shall we wish each sex may ever find,
Their hearers candid, and spectators kind.

PROLOGUS AD TERENTII ANDRIAM.

Ut vitam inspicerent hominum, propiusque tuendo
Formarent mores Graia juventa suos;
Quod deforme fuit vitii, comœdia prisca
Coram spectandum, nec sine felle, dedit.
Quod mediocre fuit, venia quod dignius, illud
Descripsit multo musa jocosa sale.
Nec dulce egregiis, nec defuit utile scenis,
Quod delectaret, quodque moneret idem.
Transtulit a Græcis placidam feliciter artem
Roma, pari studio consilioque pari:
Quodque suis fuerat per sæcula retro Menander,
Id quoque Romanis Publius Afer erat.
Simplicitas eadem est scribendi, eademque venustas;
Casti sunt omnes ingenuique sales.
Concinna est brevitas, et pura oratio, quicquid
Dicere vult servos fabula, quicquid heros.
Simo, senex pulchre cordatus, lenis in ira est;
Cum dolet, aut queritur, cum lacrymatur, homo.
Ingenio juvenis, qui nomine, Pamphilus idem,
Nulli hominum, officio vel pietate, deest.
Natumve aut patrem juste perpendite, non est
Natus amabilior, candidiorve pater.
Tam bene morata est, nitido tam plena lepore
Andria, quam vobis nox hodierna parat.
Nos facili erigite o! risu, plausuque secundo,
Ludere qui pariter discimus et sapere.

EPILOGUS LESBIÆ OBSTETRICIS.

Audistis quanto clamore puerpera, Juno
  Lucina, oh!! miseræ, fer mihi, dixit, opem.
Illa ego sum Juno—sed non de plebe ministra,
  Quales Lucinas viculus omnis habet.
Nil loquor impurum, vel subnuo turpius; ista
  Vulgares animos, degeneresque juvent.
Oscula siquando permittam, admitto pudice;
  Ut decet humanas ingenuasque nurus.
Si quid forte bibam, cyathus mihi sufficit unus,
  Pollice vix major.—Fors aliquando duo.
Incolumi matre et salva, mea proxima cura est
  Infantem primis vestibus induere.
Adsidet ad cubitum, Glycerîque Archillis ocellos
  Intuitu primo callida cernit anus:
Parvaque componens magnis, frontem, oscula, nasum,
  Quid patris explorat, quid referatur avi.
Tergaque demulcens, Hominum est sævissimus, inquit,
  Tam pulchram poterit qui violare cutim.
Deliræ hæc inter nutricis somnia, majus
  Urget opus longe me, graviorque labor;
Cingere fasciolis teneros, nec duriter, artus,
  Et justum ad modulum fingere molle caput.
Cautio nec levis est, multis de millibus una
  Ne minimo infantem vulnere pungat acus.
Sed nec adhuc cessat mihi cura; puerpera mater
  Sæpe revisenda est, et mihi sæpe puer.

Interea mihi mensis abit, sed et uno alioque
Donatus flavo munere mensis abit.
His ego me officiis, vobis, popule alme virorum,
Commendo, obsequio, sedulitate, fide.
Quandocunque opus est, me servam accersite vestram;
Lesbia curabo protinus esse domi.

EPILOGUS CRITONIS AD TERENTII ANDRIAM.

ECQUIS ibi est?—audite aliquis—puer, endromidem da;
Adde manum, (quid stas lentus?) utramque manum;
Da mihi jam terrorem, et jam duo fulmina belli,
Et jam balteolum—cætera portet equus.
Si mea sunt—o sunt—mihi salva viatica, rite
Instruor, his armis tutus, et his animis,
Hisce ego latrones abigo, corvosque; canesque;
His pluviæ subigo vim, Boreæque minas.
Seu per planitiem contendo, ubi rarior agris
Stat rubus, aut inopi stramine tecta casa;
Sive eo per salebras et per prærupta locorum,
Et per crescentis tædia longa viæ;
Si non obliquus sedeam, si a posteriori
Integer et salvus, cætera salvus eo.

Improba latrantis stomachi cum murmurat ira,
(Usque adeo res est imperiosa fames)
Divertor—mihi cœnam, et equo sua pabula posco;
Neu mala defraudet, viso, reviso, manus.
Seligere est lectum mihi proxima cura, laborque
Detrahere est ocreas proximus—et labor est.
Accumbo cœnæ—et mecum hospes, seu rogo, seu non:
Et bibit, et comedit, plus tamen ille bibit.
Cras venit, et schedula—Imprimis mihi panis—Itemque
Pullus—Item vinum—nil nisi cum pretio.
Solvo, enchiridion repleo, discedo, salute
Accepta et dicta—vive valeque—vale.

PUER.

Te tuus expectat sonipes, nescitque morari
Impatiens—

CRITO.

In me non erit ulla mora.
Vos quibus hospitibus placidis et suavibus utor,
Este salutati, docta corona, mihi.
Este, o spectantes, animis, quod et estis, amicis,
Et pede inoffenso, dicite, perge domum:
Accipio felix omen, plausuque secundo,
Quo cursum institui, pergo viator iter.
Vivite felices; ego quandocunque redibo,
Devoto vobis corde, redibo Crito.

EPILOGUE TO IGNORAMUS,

SPOKEN BY IGNORAMUS AND DULMAN.

IGNORAMUS.

O AUDITORES spectatoresque benigni,
O all ye hearers and ye standers by;
Crede mihi dolet hoc munus mihi demandari;
The epilogue puts me in a great quandary:
Effudique sales, mea lex consumitur et toute;
My wit is at an end, my law is out.
Nescio quid dico, aut dico quod non ego nosco;
I know not what to say, or say not what I know.
Why truly—may it please you—I demurr;
Memoria sine brief is never sure.
We, as we humbly do conceive, may move
These honourable benches, as above,
That we may now be clients unto you;
'Tis not 'in forma pauperis' we sue:
And as we in your judgment stand, that we
May likewise in your honours' favour be.
This being granted, may be, gentlemen,
We'll humbly move this court to sit again,
After due notice how, and where, and when.
And so ye stand adjourned.

DULMAN.

God save the queen!

EPILOGUS AD EUNUCHUM.

En! adsum miles veteranus—inutilis armis,
Sed regi et patriæ fidus, ut usque, meæ:
Quem magis aurati rutilo fulgore galeri
Commendat validum cor, lepidumque caput:
Quem Mars truncavit—sed cui Chelseia rependit
Et mutilos artus et mihi quicquid abest.
Pars ego parva mei—sed sum πλέον ἥμισυ παντός;
Sanctior est salva parva tabella rate.
Lumine suffosso luscus; sed et Hannibal ipse,
Quem Roma horrebat, sic oculatus erat.
Uno crure minor, sed crure superstite in altum,
Altius ut nemo, subsiluisse valens.
Nec fractis vel adhuc animis; sed strenuus illa,
Quæ superest, audax intrepidusque manu.
Quid vero his majus dabit iste domesticus heros?
Quid simile his miles scenicus iste Thraso?
Illius in plumis tunicaque est unica virtus;
Omnis in illæso corpore constat honor.
Pulchrior in pannis me gloria vestit; et hoc crus,
Hæc manus, hic oculus, duplicis instar erit.
Quo me excepistis, vos o! dimittite plausu;
Et mihi felicem plausero militiam.

EPILOGUE TO HARRY THE FOURTH.

SPOKEN BY FALSTAFF.

That plaguy Percy almost broke my back;
Nay and my wind too;—boy, a cup of sack.
There's not a man cares less than I for death,
But plaguy fighting puts one out of breath:
Yet if bright honour calls me to a fray,
I shall be very bold—to—run away.
Well; when the king makes plump sir John a lord,
Then I'm resolv'd—never to keep my word.
First I'll begin with hostess Quickly: much
She 'gins to talk of ladyship and coach;
A body cannot owe 'm a little money,
But strait the jades must think of matrimony.
But yet a trick worth two of that I'll play her;
Poor fool! nor love nor money will I pay her.
If in the street a civil dun should come;
Pray come to-morrow, and—I'll be from home.
If in the hall a number should appear,
My lord 's asleep, sir, in his elbow chair.
When tradesmen grow impatient for their due,
'Tis so long standing—never talk of 't—'pshew!
I've good preferment in my eye for you.
For sempstress Doll, How doth Miss Prue? poor fool!
I'll pay for't, send her to the dancing school.

If I like pagan gods my shape could vary,
My guts should be a hogshead of Canary.
My bowels tapt should suckle thirsty man,
I'd feed my younkers like a pelican.
Say what you will, t'would be immortal glory;
'Tis jocund thinking, and I'll end my story.
But that my equipage I sadly lack,
To cry before me, Rome there, pray bear back,
By your leave, pray make room for noble Jack.

DE MUSTO.

Alma Ceres, tua dona cano, tua dona canenti
Arride felix, teneram nec desere musam.
Cæcuba miretur Flaccus, dulcemve Falerni
Humorem laudans, veteres invitet amicos;
Et Bacchi madidus genialia pocula dicat:
Sunt nobis calices, nobis sunt, diva, poëtæ.
Tu vero (quæcunque tuum fert nomina mustum,
Seu quod equis aptum Eboracum, vel Cestria mittit,
Nobilis aut Rhedycina tuis quod præbet alumnis)
Tu mitis, tu blanda tuis cultoribus Anglis.
Te, Dea, quisque colit, duplicis tu muneris auctor
Diceris, et duplicem populus tibi solvit honorem.
In mediis qua surgit agris bene nota taberna,
Rusticus esuriens loculo depromit olenti

Hesternas cum cultro epulas, et pocula poscit;
Quæ simul ebiberit, rursus replenda ministro
Porrigit; hic operæ non vanæ, alacrisque laboris
Præteriti fructus sumit, Divamque precatur,
Deficiat placidi ut nunquam bona copia musti.
Hic senior tubulum, locus est qua proximus igni,
Ore gerens, nec ventum hiemis nec frigora sentit:
Sed sedet, et semper memorans quam plurima gesta
Se puero, de peste aut de civilibus armis,
Usque bibit, Cereri longam debetque senectam.
Huc secum antiquam, quoties redit Hesperus, urnam
Fert anus, hinc potat morbosæ oblitat senectæ,
Hinc alacris posita cura meditatur amores
Lascivos, et sese iterum putat esse puellam.
Hic madidi juvenes Hibernæ tempore noctis
Dant incompositos motus et carmina dicunt,
Aut lepide in muro pingunt carbone figuras:
Atque rogant Cererem, ut lætam concedere messem
Dignetur, Cereris jam jam turba ebria dono.
Sæpius huc, quoties campos et rura revisit,
Formosa cum nata et pingui conjuge tendit
Civis, et umbrosæ salicis sub tegmine lento
Ampullam poscit; cui dum ferrum admovet ille
Flexile, quod secum tales fert semper in usus,
Evolat extemplo furiosum, et, qua data porta,
Spumosum erumpit vitreo de carcere mustum:
Haud venti, Laërtiadæ quos Æolus utre
Inclusos dederat, strepitu majore ruebant.
Callidus interea civis, ne provolet omne,

Imposito cohibet digito ; fumosa liquoris
Vis tamen ascendit, seque ejaculatur in auras.
Tum facili dextra et cauta quam leniter arte
Admoto infundit calici ; subsidere cœpit
Paulatim spuma, et proprium dat vappa colorem.

INEST SUA GRATIA PARVIS.

Bellator furit exiguis Pygmæus in armis,
  Et tenui infestas cuspide figit aves.
Securum tamen hunc præstat contracta figura,
  Seu sors adversa est, sive secunda favet.
It fama ad cælum, si victor ab hoste recedat ;
  Si non, ad cælum fertur in ore gruis.

MAGNAS TERRITAT URBES RUMOR.

Rumor Alexandrum cum detulit esse propinquum,
  Finitimos implet terror ubique locos.
Exorant alii pacemque et fœdera ; sponte
  Summittunt alii subdita colla jugo.
Quam bene, Pellæe, exuperas ! nam cum tibi laurus
  Dant famam, lauros dat tibi fama novas.

POTERIS TUTIOR ESSE DOMI.

Dum mater metuit virgæ ne verbera lædant,
  Ipsa domi puerum servat, et ipsa docet.
Ipsa doce puerum, mater tam blandula, possit
  Tutus ut esse domi, stultus et esse foris.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

Ut vidit laceros sibi constans Regulus artus,
  Et membra indignis dilacerata modis;
Membra mihi, Carthago, inquit, lacerando triumpha,
  Hic mihi, quod laceres membra, triumphus erit.
A te quod cecidi multum lætere; sed ipse
  Plus lætor patriæ me cecidisse meæ.

SUAVE EST EX MAGNO TOLLERE ACERVO.

Prætoris quoties redeunt convivia, longo
  Ordine per mensas fercula plura nitent.
Cur his accumbit civis tam lætus? an illi
  Aut fartum, aut desunt terga bovina domi?
At fruitur, simul oblectans oculosque gulamque,
  Quos et edit, quos et non edit, ille cibis.

—EUTRAPELUS CUICUNQUE NOCERE VOLEBAT VESTIMENTA DABAT PRETIOSA.

Thestylis invehitur plaustro rudis hospes ad urbem,
  Veste decens, simplex moribus, ore rubens.
Hanc anus excipiens meretrix, bona mater, agrestem
  Mutare ornatum splendidiore parat.
O fugias, longe fugias fallacia dona,
  Quæ simul indueris, Thestyli, tota peris.

DANT ANIMOS SOCII.

Vidit ut instantem Polyphemum solus Ulysses,
Quæ modo tam validæ contremuere manus.
Qui totidem, qui tanta heros Diomede peregit
Cum socio, solus cum fuit, Οὔτις erat.

VOS NON VOBIS.

Dura laborantes invertunt arva juvenci,
Ut domino segetem libera fundat humus.
Nec minus agrestis lassat sua membra labore,
Dum versat fænum pabula grata bovi.
Sudat uterque quidem, sed non sibi sudat uterque;
Nam domino sudat bos, dominusque bovi.

PARES CUM PARIBUS FACILLIME CONGREGANTUR.

Cum forte ad lapidem (tanta est discordia fratrum)
Impegit rigidus fossor agreste caput;
Negligit ille ictum tutus munimine frontis,
Et cerebri armatus robore tutus abit.
Vi parili occurrunt, neutri victoria cedit;
Nulla lapis patitur vulnera, nulla caput.

DICITE DEFECTUS SOLIS.

Opponis medio, Phœbe, tua cornua Soli;
Et jam deficiens cornua Phœbus habet.
In Tauro ascendit; Taurus quoque cornua gestat;
Jupiter apparet; corniger ille Deus.
O cives, cives, frontem defendite: signa
Omnia ni fallant, cornifer annus erit.

Post annos, Whistone, novem eclipsin fore dicis;
Idem annos mundum vix superesse duos.
Hæccine conveniunt? utrum vis, elige, dici
Vel mendax vates, vel malus astrologus.

PLUS ULTRA.

Penelope maneas absenti casta marito;
Turba ruant frustra luxuriosa proci.
Ut pergant orare illi, tu perge negare;
Texe et nocturno tela retexe dolo.
Sic ultra semper tendas; nam semper ut ultra
Tu tendas, nunquam perficietur opus.

ALIORUM OBSEQUERE STUDIIS.

Indutus varia tunica, pictoque galero,
In medio celsus ludis, Agyrta, foro.
Per populum lepide ridens dicteria spargis,
Atque jocis captum pharmaca vulgus emit.
Quod dulce est populo tibi dum facis utile, plebis
Obsequeris studiis obsequerisque tuis.

ON AN OPEN GRAVE.

Laborious passenger, look down,
  And see thy journey's end;
See whither all thy weary steps,
  'Tis hither, lo! they tend.

Observe the distance, mark how small!
  But six feet deep or less!
A measure scarce beyond thy own,
  That leads from pain to ease.

Nor here alone, but wheresoe'er
  Thy weary footsteps sound,
Thy length and breadth will show the spot,
  Where rest is to be found.

Then patient the fatigues of life,
  With this reflection bear;
That journey can't be overlong,
  Whose end is ev'ry where.

IN OBITUM MAGISTRI HANBURY.

Carmine dum mœsto patrem lugemus ademptum,
  Et sua Pierides ultima sacra ferunt;
Tu quoque nobiscum, lector, pia dona, silentes
  Da lacrymas; lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.
Sic idem languor morbi, longique dolores
  Desint, sic idem non tibi desit honor.

IN EFFOSSUM SEPULCHRUM.

Viator, en! defesse, et infra despice
Vitæ viæque terminum!
Vide, laboriosa quo vestigia,
Huc, ecce! tendunt omnia!

Distantiam observa! vide quam sit prope,
Profunditas vix sex pedum;
Mensura vix ultra tuam, a laboribus
Brevis ad quietem est transitus.

Nec indicat solum hoc sepulchrum, sed graves
Quacunque tibi sonant pedes,
Mensura corporis tui locum dabit,
Speranda quo siet quies.

Patienter ergo, vita quæ fert tædia,
Hoc, perfer, hoc recolligens,
Vix esse, vix perlongum iter, cui terminus
Nec hic nec uspiam deest.

AMICA SILENTIA.

Ut sedet in triviis, linguæ qui perdidit usum,
Ore stipem mæsto colligit æris inops.
Indiciis populum mutis affatur, et orat
Immemor ut nolit præteriisse sui.
Non potuisse loqui jam creditur utile muto;
Tam bene nec poterat lingua vel ipsa loqui.

VOTUM.

Qualis per nemorum nigra silentia,
Vallesque irriguas, et virides domos,
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,
Secretum peragens iter;

Paulisper vagus atque exiguos agens
Mæandros, variis se sinuat modis,
Dum tandem celerem præcipitans fugam,
Miscetur gremio maris;

Talis per tacitam devia semitam
Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
Non experta fori jurgia rauca, nec
Palmæ sanguineum decus:

Cumque instant tenebræ, et lux brevis occidit,
Et ludo satura, et fessa laboribus,
Mors longusque sopor membra jacentia
Componant placida manu.

IN STATUAM SEPULCHRALEM INFANTIS DORMIENTIS.

Infans venuste, qui sacros dulces agens
In hoc sopores marmore,
Placidissima quiete compos'tus jaces,
Et inscius culpæ et metus,
Somno fruaris, docta quam dedit manus
Sculptoris; et somno simul,
Quem nescit artifex vel ars effingere,
Fruaris innocentiæ.

IN OBITUM MAGISTRI COTES.

In lecto extremas ducis dum languidus horas,
Consumptus morbo, vix animæque tenax;
Respicis, immotus propioris imagine mortis,
Hinc lapsam ætatem præteritosque dies:
Prospicis hinc, lætus venientia prospicis æva,
Atque animum oblectat postera fama tuum.
Securus cæli, pie vir, sæc'la ante peracta,
Securus laudum sæc'la futura vides.
Ampliat ætatem sibi vir bonus; ampliat et qui
Præclarum studio conficit auctor opus.
Hoc est vivere bis, vita potuisse priore;
Vivere bis, vita posteriore frui.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
BENJAMINI FERRERS,
PICTORIS SURDI ET MUTI:
QUI OBIIT ANNO MDCCXXXII.

Et tu! tune avidæ rapina mortis!
Et tu præda voracis es sepulchri!
Nec virtus tua te redemit orco,
Nec vitæ tenor innocenter actæ!
At siquid pia prorogare musa
Contracti spatio valebit ævi,
Te justum memorabit integrumque
Morum; te tenebris silentioque

In lucem eripiet, dabitque famæ,
Annis quod deerat, superfuturæ.
Nascenti quod et obseravit aures,
Et linguæ docilis negavit usum :
Hoc rerum tibi consulebat auctor :
Ne purum mala pectus inquinaret
Ubertas vitii, et libido culpæ;
Corruptam scelere, et fide carentem
Ne fraus argueret dolusque mentem :
Ut prava sine labe, sæculique
Præsens nequitiæ, nec interesses.
Humanas neque res et actiones
Spectabas minus, ut vel hoc, vel illud,
Vel quidquam fugeret tuum sagacem
Captum; quin calamis, et hoc et illud,
Expressum in tabulas statim referres.
Quanquam nulla tibi necessitudo
Cum libris fuit; id rependit omne,
(Quod vitæ propius tuæ magisque
Allusit) studium silentis artis.
Maturi mihi vis amica fati
Cum lucem fere clauserit supremam,
Tam sancte, placide, pie peractam
Ætatem oh! recolam, recolligamque
Turpi crimine tam procul remotam;
Non est, quod superos prius rogârim.

CARMEN LAPIDARIUM.

Hic jaceo T. L.
Quinquagenarius;
Tuæ, lector, exemplum mortalitatis:
Peccatis, doloribus et morbis
Ad sepulchrum usque depressus.
Qui vixerim, si nescias, nolis sciscitari;
Si scias, malis oblivisci:
Hoc unicum contentus doceri,
Quod in terram, cui tu pariter cognatus es,
Propero resolvi:
Nec tu interim huc etiam descendere
Moraris.

EPITAPHIA.

* * *

Hic juxta tumulatus est
Eximiæ spei adolescentulus
Honorabilis J. L. G.
Quem
Venustum obiisse et innocentem,
Siquidem homo sis, dolebis;
Sin supra humanitatem sapis,
Lætabere.
Mortalia reliquit A. D. MDCCXXII.
Annum ætatis agens duodecimum.

IN PORTICU SEPTENTRIONALI FANI WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

H. S. E.

Gulielmus Dickinson Arm.
Architectus;
Qualis! suspice.
Obiit 24° die Januarii,
A. D. 1724. suæque ætatis 54.

IN SEPTEM ANNORUM PUELLULAM.

Quam suavis mea Chloris, et venusta,
Vitæ quam fuerit brevis, monebunt
Hic circum violæ rosæque fusæ;
Quarum purpura, vix aperta, clausa est,

Sed nec dura nimis vocare fata,
Nec fas est nimium queri caducæ
De formæ brevitate, quam rependit
Æterni diuturnitas odoris.

Magni juxta exuvias Newtoni
Voluit et suas jacere
Johannes Woodward, M.D.
Qui
Philosophus esse et Christianus;
Deumque, quem per omnia invenerat explorata,
Agnoscere et venerari
Non gravatus est:
Terræque abdita et mirabilia
Curiose sed humiliter,

Pie sed feliciter,
Perscrutatus;
Ad occultiorum cognitionem,
Et ad sublimiorum theoriam
Admissus est
Et contemplator et particeps:
A.D. MDCCXXVIII.
Suæque ætatis LXIII.

SUB hoc marmore servatur
(Diuque servetur inviolabilis)
E. H.
Virgo
Venustatis tam raræ,
Et tam castæ sanctitatis,
Ut nullum suis
Vel amandi viva, vel mortua lugendi
Statuerit modum.

QUOD tuos infra pedes
Neglectum nunc latet et conculcatum,
Aliquando fuit
M. R.
Omnium, quotquot uspiam sunt, gratiarum
Ditissimus Thesaurus;
In illum diem,
Quo abditum quodque et quodque pretiosum
Iterum in lucem evocabitur,
Summa cum fide hic conservandus.

CLAUSTRO OCCIDENTALI FANI WESTMONASTERIENSIS DESTINATUM.

IV. die Aprilis, A.D. MDCCXXXVII.
Ineunte ætatis anno vicesimo secundo,
Obiit
JONATHAN MARTIN;
Musices a puero feliciter studiosus,
Et, vix dum adultus,
Organista in sacellum regium
cooptatus.
Hoc arti scilicet, hoc moribus,
Hoc vitæ brevitati datum est,
Ut juvenis statim excelleret,
Et fieret cito
Quod diu non erat futurus.

HIC prope sepulta est
A. D.
Puellula rarissimæ formæ;
Cui accessit
Verecunda rosarum purpura
Castusque liliorum candor:
Accessit quidem,
Sed, ut humanæ breves sunt deliciæ,
Exaruit statim et evanuit,
Suavissimum sui relinquens
Odorem et desiderium:
Dum æterno vere donetur et efflorescat.

Hic infra jacet,
E silentio et tenebris
In lucis et gloriæ transferenda æternitatem,
Egregii nominis mulier
F. T.
Terris idcirco data et adempta,
Ut intelligerent homines
Quo virtus amore
Amplectenda sit incolumis,
Qua invidia
Quærenda sit sublata.

IN BARBADOS.

Sacred to the memory
of ANNE, the beloved wife
of MR. DUDLEY WOODBRIDGE.

IF the remembrance of whate'er was dear
Deserves the pious tribute of a tear,
Bestow it on the dust that sleepeth near:
That precious dust, which living did comprise
The fair, the good, the graceful, and the wise.
Bestow a tear; nor think thy sorrow lost,
Another, and another, should it cost:
The real worth of virtue ne'er is known,
Till ravish'd from before our eyes, and gone.

She died
October 5, MDCCXXXIX.
Aged XXXVI.

Placide subtus requiescit
JOHANNES HANWAY Arm.
Suavioribus musarum studiis
(Quibus nusquam, ne in castris quidem, renunciavit)
In schola primum Westmonasteriensi
Clarissimo instituente Busbeo,
Et deinde in Academia Cantabrigiensi
Innutritus;
Gravioribus belli tædiis,
Auspicantibus
In Flandria invictissimo principe
Johanne Marlburii Duce,
In Hispania fortissimo heroe
Carolo Petroburgi comite
Exercitatus:
In omnibus vitæ officiis
Cum publicæ tum privatæ,
Tam civilis quam militaris,
Fidelis, strenuus, humanus.
Qualis maritus, qualis fuerit parens,
Testatur hoc sepulchrale marmor,
Quod pie posuerunt vidua et filius.
Memoriam tam egregii viri
Et tu, lector, venerere;
Ut tibi detur similiter aliquando requiescere.
Obiit XXVI. die Novembris, A.D. MDCCXXXVI.
Suæ vero ætatis LXV.

Diana Oxonii et Elgini Comitissa :
Quæ
Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit,
Ceciliorum meritis clara, suis clarissima,
Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.
Vitam ineuntem innocentia,
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors,
Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;
(Volente numine)
Ut nuspiam deesset aut virtus aut felicitas.
Duobus conjuncta maritis,
Utrique carissima;
Primum,
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impense dilexit:
Secundum,
(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate et amore coluit,
Ut cui, vivens,
Obsequium tanquam patri præstitit;
Moriens,
Patrimonium tanquam filio reliquit;
Noverca cum esset,
Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
Denique
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus
Exemplum consecrâsset integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

Here lies
John Archer, Esq; doctor of physic,
One of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace
For the County of Westmoreland; who
Departed this life the 4th of December, MDCCXXXV.
He was a worthy man, a skilful physician,
An impartial magistrate, and an amiable friend:
His mind was generous, his temper sweet,
His understanding extensive;
In nature he was compassionate,
In virtue severe.
He adorned the reasonable being
With the dignity of morality;
The true christian,
With the sanctity of religion.
He was a delight to his acquaintance,
An honour to his profession,
And an happiness to his country.
Dear and desirable is the memory of Dr. Archer,
Cruel and lamentable is the loss of him:
Every eye overflows with tears,
Every breast is filled with sorrow,
And every house is become
The house of mourning.

Hoc subter marmore conduntur exuviæ
EDVARDI HENRICI
Comitis de WARWICK ET DE HOLLAND,
Baronis RICH ET DE KENSINGTON,
Adolescentis nobilissimi,
Propriis tamen quam majorum virtutibus clarioris.
Inerat illi jam a pueritia
In vultu ipso, in voce, gestuque corporis
Virile nescio quid et plenum dignitatis.
Miram sane ingenii ubertatem
Excoluit atque promovit optima disciplina;
Omnem doctrinam liberalem ab eo perceptam
Illustravit,
Nativa quadam, et quæ virum nobilem decorat, eloquentia.
Ita natus, ita educatus, quam primum in lucem processit,
Dignus extemplo visus est,
Quem in amicitiam cooptarent homines primarii;
Neque erat in amicitia aut jucundior quisquam aut cordatior.
Ad aulam accessit,
Serenissimo regi Georgio primo,
A cubiculo, et brevi, acceptissimus:
Hoc sibi merito non ultimæ ducebat laudi
Principi placuisse,
Non minus acri ad judicandum, quam ad favendum prono.
Tam aperta illi facilisque
Ad maxima quæque cum pateret via,
Cum nihil ei defuit ad summam laudem nisi longa vita,
In medio ætatis et fortunæ curriculo,

Gravi febre correptus,
Spes amicorum ardentissimas, prope jam ratas,
Immatura morte frustratus est.
Obiit 16 die Augusti, anno 1721, ætatis 24.

H. S. E.

PHILIPPUS PARSONS,

Richardi de hoc oppido filius,
Et Collegii Regalis apud Cantabrigienses socius:
Qui sacro ministerio designatus,
Et apparatu doctrinæ jam maturus,
Variolis correptus
Spem subito suorum omnium,
Quos aut venustate captaverat vultus,
Aut ingenii vigore demeruerat,
Morumve devinxerat suavitate,
In lacrymas convertit et desiderium;
Amantissimæ præsertim matris,
Quæ exiguum hoc extrui curavit
Sui et testimonium luctus et levamen.
Obiit 28o Decembris, A.D. 1732, suæ vero ætatis 23.

A LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR TO A YOUNG LADY.

I AM just come from indulging a very pleasing melancholy in a country churchyard, and paying a respectful visit to the dead, of which I am one day to increase the number. As the solemnity and awfulness of the place does instantly affect the beholder, the solitude and silence of it does equally dispose him to attention and meditation: so that we nowhere find a more useful and improving retirement. Every monument has its instruction, and every hillock has its lesson of mortality.

I have, by this means, in a short space of time read the history of the whole village; and could tell the names of its principal families, for the last thirty or forty years: I might perhaps go a little higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are generally so defaced, that if an inscription can be made out, it is not without much difficulty and conjecture.

'Tis not, however, without great compassion I see the kind endeavour of the survivor, to preserve the memory of a departed friend, so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mound of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity, equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble, in every thing but expense and duration: and yet how perishable are even those! how fruitless is the expense, and how short the duration!

The churchyard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, whither people of all ages and conditions resort. 'Tis the common dormitory, where, after the labours of life are over, they all lie down and repose themselves together in the dust. The little cares and concerns they had when living, are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or enmity, to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings which imbitter men one against another, are all determined; here end all resentments and contentions.

We have this satisfaction withal in death, that it is a state of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together, and are blended in the dust. Here it is that no one is greater or less than another, for rottenness admits of no distinction, and corruption

has no superiority. The fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome. Rejoice, thou then that art despised; and be comforted, thou that art lightly esteemed; for the time cometh when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine; the despitefulness of the proud, and the loftiness of the scornful, shall be humbled together, and the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners: whatever is beyond, is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre too may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapt in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot: the leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied till he strip it to the bones. In the meanwhile, the laboured epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises: the passenger must be stayed, to lament its loss; and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person illustriously descended should be so like the rest of his fellow-creatures—as to die.

The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can purchase; insomuch that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment:

yet all this midnight show, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no farther with him than to his grave; here must all his state leave him, and the honours are his no longer.

Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness; what is it, said I, that can thus make us startle, and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble, but what is the sting of death to those whose life has been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace; this wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller: this dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and maketh the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbing; 'tis this eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable: this discharges the naked and hungry insolvent; and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence, till he had paid the uttermost farthing: 'tis this that rescues the slave from his heavy task-master, and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamours of the de-

famer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age, and the unwearinesses of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the frenzies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the idiot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scenes of their departure, because their pleasure is no more; but let the sons of wretchedness and affliction smile and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their pain ceaseth.

With these and many other reflections, which the compass of a letter cannot contain, I left the chambers of the dead. What first occurred to me after this solitary walk, I have communicated to you: at present perhaps you may think them little worthy your regard; or look on them at best as the product of a sickly and distempered brain. A lecture of mortality to a maiden in the prime of her health and beauty, you may suppose can come only from a gloomy and disturbed mind, to fortify and prepare the soul against the day when the face of the fairest shall gather blackness, the heart of the strongest shall fail, and the mirth of the most frolicsome shall depart from him. The prospect, I believe, may be unwelcome; but unseasonable it cannot be, while youth is subject to diseases, and while beauty is deceitful. I desire you to accept of this night piece, drawn by an artless hand; and when that hand shall be mouldering in

dust, to peruse the picture, and then be assured that though it be artless—'tis true.

It must be the frequent perusal of gravestones and monuments, and the many walks I have taken in a churchyard, that have given me so great a distaste for life; the usual sight of mortality, corruption, and nakedness, must inevitably lead one to a serious reflection on the vanity of all worldly greatness. The very pride of a man, considered in this view, is his reproach, and his haughtiness becomes his shame.

From this representation of human meanness and frailty, may be drawn excellent lessons of humility to the ambitious, and very comfortable instructions to the dejected and low-spirited.

Amidst the various interruptions and diversions of life, which take up by far the best and most valuable part of it; there is one thought still, ever and anon, arising in the mind; which is—what shall the end of these things be? This is a thought that will not be wholly stifled and suppressed: for the answer is ready, peremptory, and convincing—The end is death.

If death then be, as it undeniably is, a cessation from vanity—for such is almost every thing we call pleasure; what courage and constancy, what manliness and resolution, does it not require, to be at once stripped of all those dear enjoyments which

engage and destroy so considerable a part of our lives.

There lives not that man of gaiety, who would not be startled with the thought of being snatched away from his delights; yet what is more frequent?

A prisoner, who has deluded himself with the expectation of a reprieve, would be extremely shocked to be called away from the midst of his mirth to execution.

A LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR, TO HIS WIFE,

A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.*

Being warned by the hand of God that my dissolution draweth nigh, I thank the divine goodness for giving me this timely notice, and not cutting me off suddenly in the midst of my sins; that he has granted me leisure, and a due sense of my follies and corruptions, and thereby enabled me to make my reconciliation with him, before that I am no more seen. I esteem it as a great instance of his mercy, that he has not afflicted me with any delirium or disease that would have deprived me of my memory or senses; but has visited me with a distemper, which, however otherwise grievous, has given me

* This letter, though rather of a private nature, is published as a testimony of the author's goodness of heart; and the reader is further informed, that from the conscientious motives therein mentioned, the author was induced to refuse some very valuable ecclesiastical preferment offered him in the most liberal manner by a late noble duke.

time and opportunity to look back into my past life, and with seriousness and attention to consider my latter end.

Upon recollection, I find the offences of my youth and the transgressions of my riper years are so many, that, were not the mercy of God as infinite as his justice, I might despair of pardon. But, through the merits and intercession of a crucified Saviour, I humbly hope forgiveness. As the Almighty has himself declared that he delighted not in the death of a sinner; I beseech him that his extensive compassion may reach even unto me; and in dutiful confidence thereof, I submit myself to his holy will, with resignation, constancy, and cheerfulness.

For that part of my behaviour that relates to my fellow-creature man, if that should happen to be less exceptionable, if I have not willingly and deliberately injured my neighbour, by calumny, oppression, or extortion, not unto me, but unto God be the praise. I hope it may in some measure compensate for my many other misdeeds, and so far procure the favour and candour of all those who are so sensible of their own failings as to overlook and forget mine.

There is one thing which I have often heard myself charged with; and that is my neglect of entering into holy orders, and a due preparation for that sacred office. Though I think myself in strictness answerable to none but God and my own conscience; yet, for the satisfaction of the person that is dearest to me,

I own and declare, that the importance of so great a charge, joined with a mistrust of my own sufficiency, made me fearful of undertaking it: if I have not in that capacity assisted in the salvation of souls, I have not been the means of losing any: if I have not brought reputation to the function by any merit of mine, I have the comfort of this reflection, I have given no scandal to it by my meanness and unworthiness. It has been my sincere desire, though not my happiness, to be as useful in my little sphere of life as possible. my own inclinations would have led me to a more likely way of being serviceable, if I might have pursued them; however, as the method of education I have been brought up in, was, I am satisfied, very kindly intended, I have nothing to find fault with, but a wrong choice, and the not knowing those disabilities I have since been truly conscious of: those difficulties I have endeavoured to get over; but found them insuperable. It has been the knowledge of those discouragements, that has given me the greatest uneasiness I have ever met with: that has been the chief subject of my sleeping as well as my waking thoughts,—a fear of reproach and contempt.

To the question, what I now am? I answer, an unhappy composition of weakness, folly, and sin; but what I shall be hereafter, is that which startles and perplexes me. Here I am lost in amazement and dread! The most pleasing and the dearest engage-

ments of this world, as having nothing in them solid, sincere, or lasting, I could readily forego: but the looking-for of that unknown state, into which I am to enter when I put off this body of frailty and corruption, is confounding and terrible. The prospect into futurity is all darkness and uncertainty; nor can the nearest relation or friend, who is gone before me, re-pass the gulf that is fixed between us, to give me the least notice or intimation of it. 'Tis this thought that forbids me, polluted as I now am, though ever so much wearied with life, to wish for my dissolution; this reminds me, that, though the body be sleeping and mouldering in the grave, the soul dieth not, nor yet slumbereth: the place and condition of unbodied spirits, who of all mankind knoweth? What thought can conceive that which the eye never saw, nor the ear heard of? Who shall inform me of that state, from whence there is no return?

Surely there is a reward for the righteous; the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burthen of the flesh, are undoubtedly in joy and felicity; but then where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? where shall I, who have spent many years in idleness and vanity, and have no merit of my own to plead for me? where shall I, who have not treasured up one good work to bespeak the favour of the Almighty; and have only the sufferings of Jesus Christ—and those very sufferings often slighted, trampled on, and rejected by me—to offer in my behalf?

But oh! may the goodness of God, if there be still mercy left for me, while it is yet called to-day, before the night cometh on, so assist me with his grace in working out my salvation, that neither the desire of life, nor the dread of death, may withdraw my thoughts from him! but that, in this my day, I may consider the things which make for my peace, before they are hid from my eyes. In humble confidence thereof, and in full assurance of his most gracious mercy to all returning sinners, I will endeavour to fortify and prepare myself against the terrors of death.

THE END.

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